

LI BUIO FÍAIN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

20 cents

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Amongst Ourselves

We welcome warmly into the circle of "lovers of good reading" all who have been given gift subscriptions to The Liguorian for Christmas, and we wish a very blessed and happy New Year to the old friends of The Liguorian and the new. The entire staff, including editorial, business and circulation departments, as well as the postmaster of Liguori, Missouri, Rev. Francis Bockwinkel, who supervises the mailings and keeps the government accounts, join in this New Year wish.

The New Year wish goes out equally to all the various segments of America that are represented among our readers, and to the growing number of readers in foreign lands. It excludes no one, least of all the few among our Protestant readers who have sent us rather heated communications during the past year, taking issue with something we said on the subject of religion. One wrote that he found The Liguorian intensely interesting when it treated of non-religious topics, such as football, bathtubs, marriage problems, character studies, social justice, etc., but that he was irked beyond measure at almost everything in it that pertained to religious truth because we insisted on taking it for granted that there is only one true religion.

A lady wrote that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for publishing such unkind things about Protestants. (She referred specifically to the quotations from "History of Heresies" written by St. Alphonsus Liguori in the middle of the 18th century, that were published in The Liguorian.) As an answer, she sent us some fiery printed attacks on the Catholic Church. We answer all such communications and try to show that we are interested solely in the truth, and eager only to promote the happiness of individuals by digging out and presenting the truth. Our platform is that truth is one, indivisible and unchangeable, that evidence, whether of authority or experience, is the only thing, and the indispensable thing, necessary for attaining the truth; that there is no real happiness without devotion to truth; and that this holds especially in regard to religious truth. We are always willing to enter into discussion and controversy concerning the evidence for the truth with any of our readers.

With gratitude to all our past readers, and a sincere rededication of our work to the happiness and success in life of all old and new readers, we enter upon the New Year ci 1949.

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Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

How to Polish Your Character

What you can do about your character depends greatly on what you know about your temperament. See if you can find yourself in the following outlines.

D. F. Miller

DO YOU know what resolutions are most appropriate and necessary for the betterment of your character? Have you ever analyzed your own temperament and come face to face with what will always be your tendencies to weakness and evil? Have you ever been told what specific actions and habits you should perform and cultivate to offset the wayward leanings of your particular nature?

New Year's Day is the traditional time, though it is not essentially better than any other time, for answering questions like the above. The date is suggestive: a New Year-a new man. or a new woman. But there will not be much new in the New Year unless there be a rather detailed knowledge of what is old; i. e., unless you get down to the basic task of analyzing the temperament you were born with and have to live with, and of learning at what points in it the chisel of free will, energized by the grace of God, must chip out the rough lines and ugly blotches and leave something beautiful to behold.

You possess, you should know, one of four predominant temperaments as giving a special caste or character to your mode of thinking, feeling, speaking, acting and reacting. Temperament is merely the influence of the particular kind of body you possess on the activities that spring from your soul, as all the activities of a living being spring from the soul with some conditioning on the part of the body. Your temperament does not force you to act in certain ways, but it does give you leanings, inclinations, propensities, to certain ways of acting in preference to their opposites. Some of these leanings, in each of the four temperaments, are good, and some are bad. It is the wise person's constant effort to recognize both and to check the bad while promoting and making the most of the good. It may be noted that parents should be able to do this not only for themselves, but for their children as well. To know a growing child's temperament is the first step necessary for wise guidance and training of the child, just as to know one's own temperament is the first step in the formation of a strong and good character.

The four predominant human temperaments are quite sharply distinguishable from one another, even though one is seldom found without some mixture of the qualities of a second in a specific individual. But one will usually

be so dominant that it requires but brief self-examination to recognize it. The table following is devised to make easy such recognition. Added to each table describing a temperament are suggested resolutions and habits that are especially needed by one in whom it is clearly dominant.

The Sanguinic Temperament

General character: Love of a good time External sign: Talkativeness

Chief aim in life: The pleasant and agreeable

Slogans: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"Let us eat, drink and be merry."
"Work can wait; let's enjoy ourselves now."

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

Easiest virtues: Justice, fair play; good fellowship, almsgiving, kindness, hospitality

Most difficult virtues: Prudence, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity

Frequent faults or sins: Sensuality, vanity, time-wasting, lack of responsibility or sense of duty, procrastination, lack of moderation in sense enjoyments

Nature of feelings: Quick to react, but not deep or lasting; moved easily to laughter or tears, and from one to the other without a lasting impression.

Reaction to correction: Very docile and repentant, quick to promise reform, though quick to break promise again. No hard feelings.

Best fitted for: Athletics, acting, or salesmanship, and any work that requires meeting and mingling with people, without too much responsibility for details.

Self-development for the Sanguinic: If your temperament is predominantly sanguinic, you must 1. concentrate on moderation in the use of the good things of life. If you smoke, for example, you are probably inclined to do so excessively. If you drink, your tendency is to overdo it in the pleasant company of others. A severe rule of moderation must be set and followed in all circumstances.

2. not permit your open-hearted friendliness, which makes you attractive to the other sex, lead you into flirting, philandering, and illicit love-making.

3. be aware of your tendency to overtalkativeness, and its interference with other's tasks and your own duties.

 develop a sense of responsibility to offset your native carefreeness and carelessness in the fulfillment of important duties.

5. Determine to act on principle and according to habits vigorously adopted rather than according to your changeable feelings. This must be done especially in regard to the important practices of your religion.

The Melancholic Temperament General character: Excessive sadness

External sign: Moodiness, silence, aloofness

Chief aim in life: To live in a dream world

Slogans: "To be or not to be, that is the question."

"I am grown sick of this base world."

"Nobody understands me."
"Life is so complicated."

"Oh, woe is me!"

Easiest virtues: Studiousness, humility, loyalty, faith, prayer and contemplation

Most difficult virtues: Justice, forgiveness, candor, cheerfullness, confidence

Frequent faults or sins: Sensitiveness, antipathies, jealousy of friends' love, discouragement, scrupulosity and despair Nature of feelings: Deep and lasting; loves intensely and hates fiercely; feelings arise from imagination rather than from external things; relives feelings over and over.

Reaction to correction: Unless tactfully given, inclined to worry and brood over it, to take it more seriously than intended, even to despair

Best fitted for: The fine arts: literature, painting, etc. speculative study and research; teaching, preaching and writing on religion

Self-development for the Melancholic: If your temperament is predominantly melancholic, you must

 discount all your feelings of resentment toward others as arising more from your own sensitiveness than from their malice.

2. discipline your inclination toward fantastic day-dreaming by cultivating hobbies that will keep you busy.

3. check your tendency to avoid people by affiliating yourself with some religious group or some work of charity.

4. cultivate a childlike confidence in God, especially in His Providence, and cling to it in temptations to diffidence and despair.

5. meditate often on the religious motives for cheerfullness and recall them when you are inclined to feel and look gloomy.

 above all, have a confessor or director of your conscience, and accept blindly his decisions.

The Choleric Temperament

General character: The desire to dominate and lead

External sign: Dogged and untiring activity

Chief aim in life: To succeed and be recognized as a leader

Slogans: "Let the chips fall where they may."

"Every obstacle a stepping-stone."

"Aim at the top and don't look back."
"First place or nothing."

Easiest virtues: Diligence, perseverance, fortitude, self-denial, courage, liberality

Most difficult virtues: Humility, meekness, tolerance, sympathy, forgiveness

Frequent faults or sins: Arrogance, obstinateness, vindictiveness, envy, anger, revenge

Nature of feelings: Powerful, expansive, sweeping all before them, when in line with ambitions. Bitter, resentful, deep-seated against those who oppose

Reaction to correction: Not humble or docile, but self-righteous and selfvindicating. Angrily puts blame on others

Best fitted for: Executive positions, if faults checked and controlled. Makes an excellent farmer, where energies can be directed to conquer the land, not other people

Self-development for the Choleric: If your temperament is predominantly choleric, you must

1. read, study and meditate on the virtue of humility, and try constantly to practice it.

2. temper your desire to be a leader just to gratify ambition, by cultivating a desire to use the great energies you possess to serve and help others and to win and hold the favor of God.

3. acquire a firm grip on your temper, knowing that you will always be inclined to torrential anger against those who cross you.

4. be on guard especially against sniping at others in authority over you, such as bishops, pastors, employers, civil authorities, which would be one manifestation of envy of those who have higher positions than you have. 5. not expect others to be capable of the drive and energy that come natural to you, and be tolerant of their weakness and slowness.

direct your energies into religious channels by aiming at becoming a saint at all costs,

The Phlegmatic Temperament

General character: Unemotional tranquility

External sign: Easy-going freedom from worry or agitation under all circumstances

Chief aim in life: to take it easy Slogans: "What's the hurry?" "Why all the excitement?" "There is always tomorrow." "Peace at all costs."

Easiest virtues: Prudence, patience, meekness, neatness, forgiveness

Most difficult virtues: Diligence, zeal, liberality, unselfishness

Frequent faults or sins: Sloth, avarice, love of ease, contentment with mediocrity, lack of repentance

Nature of feelings: Slow to react, of low intensity, never greatly enthused or depressed

Reaction to correction: Undisturbed by it, and requires more than usual prodding to make any progress

Best fitted for: Scientific and mechanical detail work, experimental research, the practical trades and occupations. Good for personnel work, because of clear judgment unclouded by emotion.

Self-development for the Phlegmatic: If your temperament is predominantly phlegmatic, you must

1. look for, through reading and studying the lives of others, and through the cultivation of worthwhile friendships, the motivation that will offset your native tendency to take it easy. beware of letting your interest in non-essential side issues distract you from the important tasks of your life.

3. be on guard against miserliness, i. e., the love for money for its own sake and a disinclination for spending or giving it away even in a good cause.

4. set deadlines for your duties, i. e., specific times within which you will make yourself complete certain tasks, permitting no procrastination or interest in something else to stand in the way.

5. be faithful to small religious practices, such as morning and evening prayers, even though you do not feel that they are very important.

Conclusion

No one should think that by using the above outline, he will be able infallibly to name the predominant temperament of someone else, except in the case of undeveloped children. The reason is because a well-disciplined person will have so gained control of the faults of his temperament, by the exercise of free will and the use of the grace of God, that they will no longer be evident to others at all. But each individual can judge which of the four temperaments is predominant in himself, because the inclinations will be recognized even though external control has been attained.

Therefore it can be said that the more the instinctive tendencies of a person have been modified by habit and self-control, the more perfect will be the character he (or she) will present to the world. The perfect character is thus one that manifests the good points of all the temperaments and the bad points of none: He is kind and affable and congenial, as the sanguinic is by temperament; he is constant and energetic and persevering in doing good, as the choleric is in doing anything; he is

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thoughtful and prayerful and loyal and religious, according to the inclinations of the melancholic, and he is tranquil and self-possessed and patient like the phlegmatic. Beneath all this, he will still recognize his tendencies toward excess in one point or another; but others will not see them at all.

The "Sluggard Waker"

Sermons in the eighteenth century were considerably longer than they are today, and were apparently of such heavy content that it was quite a usual thing for large numbers of the congregation to fall sound asleep. In order to counteract this situation, it became very common for parishes both in England and the United States to employ a certain official called the "sluggard waker", whose function may easily be grasped from his title. There are numerous records in the churchwardens' accounts which have come down to us of these officials being paid a regular salary for their work. The instrument of office was usually a long staff, which had on one end a fox's brush and on the other a knob or a large wooden fork. An interesting account of how the sluggard-waker went about his work has come down to us from an eyewitness; it can be found in William Andrews' Old Church Life:

"At intervals he stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles of the church, and whenever he saw an individual whose senses were buried in oblivion, he touched him with his wand so effectually that the spell was broken, and in an instant he was recalled to all the realities of life. I watched as he mounted with easy steps into the galleries. At the end of one of them there sat in the first seat a young man who had very much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed, a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him for his own, and having fitted his fork to the nape of his neck, he gave him a push; had he not been used to such visitations, it would probably have produced an ejaculatory start, highly inconvenient on such occasions. But no, everyone seemed to quietly acquiesce in the usage, and whatever else they may have been dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of the infringement upon the liberties of the subject, nor did they think of applying for a summons on account of assault."

As for the fox's brush mentioned above, that was apparently reserved for sleeping ladies, it being thought more proper to awaken the gentle sex in a somewhat milder fashion than by a push or a stout rap on the head.

Smart Pedagogue

The Mission Digest quotes an old Negro schoolma'am's explanation of her system of teaching youngsters, and it's about as perfect a system of pedagogy as we've ever heard of:

"First I tells 'em what I'se gwine to tell 'em; then I tells 'em; then I tells 'em what I told 'em."



Three Minute Instruction

The Possibility of Reform

Can a drunkard become a man of sobriety? Can a victim of impurity escape from his bondage to lust? Can a gossip become charitable in speech, and one addicted to profanity give up cursing and swearing? The answer is yes, but on three conditions, without any one of which the attempt at reform will almost surely be unsuccessful.

1. The first condition on which any attempt at reform of a bad habit must be based is a solid and realistic conviction of the importance of reform. Natural motives may help form this conviction, as, for example, the drunkard's realization of the wreckage he is making of his character, his family and his friendships. But the only truly sufficient motivation is spiritual: a man must be convinced that by every sin he is doing irreparable harm to his soul and giving outrageous offense to God. It is practically impossible to make such a conviction realistic without prayerful reading, reflection and meditation.

2. The second condition of reform is that a person realize his need of the help of God and seek for it in the places where God has made it available. Those places are: 1) the confessional, where God rewards frank avowal of guilt with forgiveness of the past and special graces for the future; 2) at Mass and Communion, where the very strength of God is made available to human beings in a measure adequate to any need; 3) in frequent daily prayer, in answer to which God has promised to move mountains if necessary for a man's welfare.

3. The third condition of reform of vices is the courage to break with and remain away from any occasions in which the vices flourished in the past. The drunkard must be strong enough to by-pass every tavern, home, gathering place, where the circumstances frequently induced him to drink to excess in the past; the adulterer must have not one single further rendezvous or even interview with his companion in sin; the gossip must stay away from gossips, and the lustfully inclined from shows, books, magazines, etc. that even border on the indecent.

Fulfilling these three conditions, thousands of great sinners have completely reformed their lives. Anyone who needs reform should study them, resolve to carry them out, and then begin carrying them out at once, without delay or procrastination.

Moose and the Mass

Very trivial incidents sometimes leave lasting effects on human minds. Take a look at the mind of Moose.

F. F. Miller

I AM no navy man. And I do not know a thing about naval terminology. I rode on the Great Lakes on occasion and crossed the ocean a couple of times. But I never got beyond the terms of hatch and portside. My apologies then to all who served in the blue during the recent war and who undoubtedly will be chagrined at my scandalous ignorance of that which even the veriest boy scout knows before he has reached the age of ten. Patience with me, please, as I tell my story.

Father Falque looked at the bridge on the ship speculatively. He knew that no one, not even an archbishop with staff and mitre, was allowed on that hallowed spot without express permission. It was the domain of the captain. and of the captain alone. The regulation may have been different on other ships. But on the U. S. Transport, Armenia, it had the force of a commandment. It was the eleventh commandment and much more important than the other ten. The other ten had come from Moses-at least Moses brought down from the mountain the tablets of stone on which they were written-but this one came from an officer, indeed, a captain, of the United States navy. Thus, even though you were a naval chaplain, as Father Falque was, and had been plying the waters of the Pacific on a transport that carried soldiers and marines from one beachhead to another almost from the moment the smoke cleared away from Pearl Harbor, as Father Falque had been doing, still you did not dare go up on the bridge unless you were invited there by the captain himself.

But this was an emergency. Those two army chaplains were scheduled to say Mass for their troops at eight o'clock. They had come on board the day before, after having done their part in making safe one of those islands that nobody ever heard of before and never wanted to hear about again. The soldiers who survived the battle were now being taken by the Armenia to a place of rest, after which they would set out for a new island and a new battle. They were a rough-looking outfit, their faces unshaved, their eyes blood-shot, their shoulders stooped. And the priests looked no better than the men. But they still had religion. The first thing they did, after being assigned their places, was to ask for Mass. The permission was granted and the time arranged for eight o'clock. One of the priests was to use the front part of the ship and the other the rear part. For reasons still unknown, enlisted men were not allowed in the officers' lounge on many war-going vessels, not even for the Mass. That was why the open deck at the front and the back of the Armenia had to be used.

Army priests are funny. They seem to have no worries about promptness. This trait is due undoubtedly to the kind of life they lead—mud, marching, tents, troops in holes and all that. But you can't be that way on a ship. Things are scheduled to the minute. If one event lasts too long, then the whole day's program is thrown out of kilter.

Father Falque knew all about army chaplains. Thus, he was worried on the particular morning when the Masses were to be said. Probably the army priests had not even put on the vestments; and here it was eight o'clock already. He'd better look into it. After all, he was ship chaplain. The responsibility was on his shoulders to keep the religious services from interfering with the agenda of the United States navy.

The priest at the front end of the ship was under way, surrounded by several hundred men. That was all right. But how about the other priest? What was he about? It was then that Father Falque looked at the bridge speculatively and the ladder which led to it. Going by way of the bridge to the rear of the ship would be a shortcut. He glanced at his watch. It was two minutes after eight. He looked at the bridge again. It was empty except for a young officer (naval) who was standing watch, or guard, or whatever they call it in the navy when an officer is on duty. His name was Moose. He was a graduate of Harvard, the son of a millionaire (textile factories), and a nice enough young pagan with a lot of natural virtue but with not so much as a shred of the supernatural in him. either in theory or in practice. At least so it had seemed up to this time. Everybody liked him. He had a clean tongue and a decent mind. But from all that he had ever said or did, one would size him up as a handsome and cultivated animal of the species man who had advanced far from the status of the monkey and could carry himself with dignity and credit, even amongst those who disclaimed all relationship with the monkey.

Moosie (the name given to him lovingly by his confreres on the ship) was harmless, and there was nothing to fear from him even though he occupied the holy bridge as guard. Furthermore, the captain was a man who did not believe in early rising. He very seldom appeared on the scene before nine o'clock. It would be safe enough to skim through his sacred sanctuary if it were done quietly and with dispatch. Father Falque no sooner decided that the danger of detection was remote than he was on the steps ascending to the forbidden land. A moment later he was half way across it. Only then did he hear his name called.

"Padre," said a voice.

Father Falque stopped, rooted to the spot. It was like being caught in the act of stealing cookies. What would happen to him now? But his fears were groundless. It was only Moose, calling him from the railing where he stood, with a pair of binoculars in his hand. Reluctantly the priest turned around, looking at his watch once more as he did so. He really had no time for small talk until he finished his business with the army chaplain. But he couldn't be rude. "Yes?" he asked, as one does who is about to catch a train and sees the train departing even as he asks.

"What's going on down there?" Moose pointed to the deck where the Mass was being said. Father Falque came over and looked in the direction indicated by the pointing finger.

"That's the Mass," he answered.

"The Mass? Well, I'll be danged." Moose never used a word even in the navy more blasphemous than "dang." He paused for a few seconds. Then he said. "So that's Mass. Well, well. What do you know! The Mass." Another pause while he continued to gaze on the spectacle below. "But what are all those men on the deck?"

"They're attending Mass."

"Attending Mass? Can you beat that.

Attending Mass." He shook his head. "Last night I was in charge of them down in the hold. You couldn't do a thing with them. As wild as horses. And look at them now. Attending Mass. How do you make that out?" He was speaking more to himself than he was to Father Falque.

"That's what they're doing, all right," said the priest. "They're attending Mass."

"Isn't that the dangdest thing you ever heard of? You know, Padre, I often wondered what was going on in Catholic churches on Sunday mornings back home. In New York I'd drive down the street and I'd see about a hundred cars parked around a Catholic church. I'd drive a few more blocks and I'd see the same thing at another Catholic church. And that's the way it was all over. So, they were attending Mass?"

"That's right, they were attending Mass."

"And those roughnecks down there—they're attending Mass too?"

"Correct again. Go to the head of the class." Father Falque was getting impatient. It was now ten minutes after eight. If that army priest at the rear end of the ship hadn't started Mass yet, the men would be drifting away. He really should be down there checking.

"Who is that all dressed up in the funny clothes?"

"That's the priest."

"Oh, so that's the priest. What's he doing?"

"He's saying Mass."

"He's saying Mass. You don't say. But where's the organ?"

"You don't need an organ for Mass."

"That's funny. Every week at home my dad was being pestered by somebody at the door asking for a donation for the organ. Are you sure an organ isn't necessary for Mass?"

"Absolutely. But listen, Moosie. Excuse me. I've got business. I'll be seeing you." With that, Father Falque was on his way. He felt quite sure that the only interest the young officer had in the Mass was an interest he might show in anything that was new to him. Organs! That was a sign in itself that he didn't know what he was talking about. Poor fellow. It was too bad. But nothing short of a miracle could shake him in his total indifference to all things religious. Father Falque moved on to the rear of the ship. When he arrived, all out of breath, he discovered that his rushing had been a useless expenditure of energy. The army chaplain was already half way through his Mass.

It must have been a week before Father Falque ran into Moose again. The episode of the Mass and the officer's interest in it had gone completely from his mind. The two of them happened to meet in the ward room. There was a group of some ten or eleven officers present. Unworried about what the others might think, Moose said:

"Hi, Padre." And then without further introduction he went on. "I'll bet you can't tell me who Pius the Fifth was."

"Pius the Fifth?" asked Father Falque. It was like having a rudder lift itself out of the water and ask for a definition of sanctifying grace. "You mean Pius the Twelfth, don't you? That is, unless you have been throwing down a few snorts."

"No, I haven't been drinking and I don't mean Pius the Twelfth. I mean Pius the Fifth. Who was he? no hedging now. Who was Pius the Fifth?"

The chaplain thought fast. It was a long time since he had read up on history so far removed from the present era as Pius the Fifth. "Pius the Fifth was a Pope in the fifteenth century," he finally said. "And one of the main things he did as Pope was to reform the liturgy."

"Did you hear that?" Moose asked the assembled officers. "Our chaplain is sure smart. You're as right as the book, Padre. That's exactly what Pius the Fifth did—he reformed the liturgy." He nodded his head in admiration.

Father Falque decided that this Moose was certainly a strange character. On the one hand he seemed to be interested in nothing more profound than the worldly and the temporal; on the other hand he showed interest in things that even many Catholics were not too bothered about. What Catholic would ever ask information about Pither information about the Fifth? "Where did you learn all this about the liturgy and so on?" he asked.

"Oh, I went up to your library after that Mass business the other day in order to get a book on it. I found one called *The Reform of the Liturgy*. It's good. I'm already half way through it."

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to learn more about the Mass? I could have given you a better book on the subject than the one you picked out."

"I don't want a better book. The one I got is tops. I'm getting a kick out of it. You keep the rest of the books for yourself, Padre. Or scatter them amongst those gorrillas in the hold. I'm sticking with Pius the Fifth and the liturgy."

And that was the end of all reference to religion or the things of religion on the part of Moose. Never again did he bring up the topic for observation or conversation during the remaining months of his stay on the ship.

But a year or so after the war was

over, Father Falque, now a pastor in his home diocese, was asked by an old priest to accompany him to New York for a week's vacation. They would see a show or two, dine out at a good restaurant and get a few nights good rest before plunging into work again back at home. Father Falque immediately thought of Moose, whose home was in New York. He would send a telegram to his old buddy and tell him to bring out the fatted calf. The telegram was answered almost immediately. Moose would be waiting.

He was waiting. After the greetings and introductions were over, Father Falque said jokingly, "It's sure lucky, Moose, that we have an old pagan like you to show us the sights of New York. It would be tough to have a saint as guide, especially in view of the fact that this is Father's first visit to the big city."

Moose stopped in his tracks. "Wait a minute," he said. "I've got some strange news for you. Take a full breath now." He hesitated. Then he went on, "I'm one of you Catholics myself now. So, go easy on that pagan stuff."

"You—a Catholic?" cried out Father Falque unbelievingly. "You're kidding, Moosie. Rather would I believe that the Politburo was converted in a body. What happened? How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you. It was that dang Mass. From the day I saw it on the deck I couldn't get it out of my mind. I read everything I could get my hands on. Then after I got home, my mother asked me to dress up in my uniform and take out one of her old friends to dinner. I did; and this old friend turned out to be a Catholic. When I said something about the Mass, she had me up at Fordham university and before a priest so fast that I didn't know what happened. I took instructions,

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and here I am, bound up in the toils of Rome as tight as yourself."

"Well, what do you know!" exclaimed Father Falque. "Moose a Catholic. Who would have thought it possible?" "It's not only possible; it is. But

come on. You're staying at my house

while you're in New York. On the way home we can see something of the city."

They got into his car and started uptown. Their first stop was St. Patrick's Cathedral. A service was going on as they entered. It was the Mass. They attended it.

Lines for Children

Oh, Janice just got married and she's going to have her two Her sister Annie had a dozen and it made her kind of blue. For marriage is unselfish, lads; unselfish as can be. So let's drink our whiskey to the kids we'll never see.

Ah, up the highest mountain, and the highest castle spire
Young Janice has ascended, well attended by her squire.
And out onto the courts of God the lovers do their dance,
And now the High Almighty One shall teach them High Romance.

He takes them in His arms, this God, and swears, that they, these three Shall live and love and merge into another Trinity.

"My hands were tied until you loved. Create ye now, but mind,
Their bodies can resemble you; their spirit must be Mine!"

On the altar of unselfishness, young Janice made her vow,
But someone sneered, and Hubby leered, and Janice found out how
To hide behind the altar and be selfish as the rest.
So let's drink to Janice and the tots she might have dressed.

Later . . .

Oh, they're trooping into Josaphath, the women with their two,
And the God who made them fertile doesn't like the sterile view.
They acted out a marriage, with interpretation broad,
But the God who wrote the sequence hasn't started to applaud.

They're handing up their reasons now, (their friends have twenty more)
But the God who made them fertile keeps on looking at the door.
For Someone has been standing there, and listening all the while,
"Tis the Master of the Scriptures, and He isn't going to smile.

'Tis the Master of the household Who once called His servants 'round, And gave them all His lovely gifts, for He Himself was bound To journey to a far-off land. He would return once more. The Master of the Household is now standing at the door:

"But he that had received the one, going out his way,
Dug down deep into the earth, and hid his gift away.
Unprofiting and selfish one, thy sentence long was passed.
Be stripped in soul and body of whatever Mine thou hast."

-F. M. Lee



Character Test (69)

L. M. Merrill

On Gluttony

It is not pleasant to meet with people who obviously consider the delights of eating and drinking as almost the supreme joys of life. It is true that the Creator gave to human beings a capacity for the enjoyment of food, and that the grateful acceptance of this enjoyment is in itself no evil. Weakness of character in this regard arises when the pleasure of eating seems to be subordinate to no other good in life; when it constitutes the predominant interest of a mind and will that are obviously fashioned for higher things than the merely material.

There are several signs of over-interest in the pleasures of food. The first is a gravitating of almost all one's conversations towards food and drink. If the trend of one's talk is constantly toward discussions of recipes for delicious dishes, restaurants where the food is extraordinary, the comparative merits of sauces, salads, entrees, desserts and drinks, one has the pleasures of taste too much on the mind.

A second sign of the same weakness is excessive complaining about food that is not to one's taste. In the gluttonous, this is not merely a momentary expression of dislike for something that is served at table; it is more like resentment that cannot be forgotten, and must be expressed over and over again. There are people who know of only one standard for judging their relatives and acquaintances, and that is by whether they serve good meals or not.

A third sign of over-interest in food is a tiresome sighing and grumbling over any necessity for fasting or abstaining. Thus Friday is clearly a miserable day for some Catholics, and they make sure that everybody knows how unhappy they are to have to do without meat, and how unmindful of any spiritual motive that makes abstinence worthwhile. If their health demands a certain amount of abstinence or a restricted diet, their pain is downright pitiful. Some, of course, even go so far as to sell their souls for a steak on Friday, or to risk grave bodily harm by indulging in forbidden foods. The weakness of the characters of such is almost without parallel.

The greatest proof of gratitude that one can give for the secondary joys of life is to be able cheerfully to renounce them at certain times. In thought, in conversation, and in action, one should manifest the fact that, according to St. Paul's expression, "one's god is not one's belly."

What Are Dreams?

This is the first of two very important articles on dreams. They are especially recommended to persons who have been inclined to attribute realistic meaning to dreams.

H. J. O'Connell

EVER SINCE the first man, at the end of day, closed his eyes in sleep, and discovered that he had entered a world of strange adventure, the subject of dreams has possessed a peculiar fascination for mankind. Among the earliest records of human knowledge, in ancient Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions, can be found attempts to explain the meaning of dreams. Primitive peoples, in their speculations on the matter, have gone so far as to believe that during sleep the soul departed from the body, and roamed about in a spirit-world. Others held that at such times the spirits came and conversed with men.

That dreams were messages from the gods, or omens of the future, was the common opinion among even the civilized nations of antiquity. Consequently, the interpretation of dreams came to be elaborated into a science. Certain men claimed the possession of secret magical forms and incantations for explaining the meaning of these visions of the night. Usually such diviners could devise a fairly acceptable interpretation. However, at times their pretensions back-fired upon them, as in the case of the Chaldean wise men, who were required under pain of death. not only to reveal the meaning of the king's dream, but the very dream itself, which he had forgotten.

For the obtaining of dream-messages from the gods, some pagans observed a practice called "incubation." The person who desired the revelation would retire to a temple, or take up his station in a grove, or on a mountain top where the god was supposed to dwell, and, after certain ritualistic performances, lie down to sleep in expectation that the god would speak to him. In this way, it was said, one could obtain secret cures for sickness, and premonitions of future events. If the deity proved reluctant, magic forms were available for overcoming his resistance.

It is not surprising that the pagan nations should have had such strange notions about the nature and significance of dreams. For even today, in spite of the advance of science in other matters, much mystery remains about the physiological and psychological processes involved in dreaming.

What are dreams? Simply stated, they consist in representations of the imagination and memory, to which strong emotional drives are often attached, occurring during sleep. In order fully to understand the phenomenon of dreaming, it would be necessary to know more accurately what takes place when a person goes to sleep. Everyone knows practically what sleep is; but not even the philosophers and psychologists can tell accurately what physical and mental changes take place in order to produce this condition.

There is, to be sure, some loss of consciousness during sleep, an interference with the complete awareness of sense perceptions. Although it can be proved that the senses continue to operate, that, for example, the sleeping person

can still hear, feel, and smell, nevertheless this knowledge does not strike home to consciousness in the same way that it does when one is awake. Together with this loss of awareness of sensations, there is in sleep a suspension of conscious intellectual and volitional processes. Especially noteworthy is the absence of the critical faculty. by which one evaluates matters in the light of previous experiences and principles. As a consequence, the ability to judge adequately the morality of actions is no longer present. Hence Plato remarked long ago that even the best men do terrible and wicked things in their dreams.

Stated technically, in sleep there is a ligation, or binding, of the synthetic sense, by which the activities of the external senses are perceived and correlated. The physiological processes by which this ligation is effected are still unknown to science.

However, during sleep the imagination and memory continue to operate, at least sporadically, thus producing the vivid mental pictures, called dreams. Emotional drives corresponding to the image evoked, such as fear, anxiety, satisfaction, are also perceptible in dream-life. Because of the suspension of the critical faculty, and the inability to compare the representations with reality, dreams appear at the moment to be real happenings. How often one awakens from an unpleasant dream with the exclamation: "Thank God, it was only a dream!"

Combinations of the most outlandish and incongruous elements are usually accepted by the dreamer without question. One may, for instance, be skating on the ice of a pond, while all around are the green trees and flowerfilled fields of summer. The person can fly over mountain-tops by merely flapping his arms. In an instant, brooms turn into birds, trains into aeroplanes, stones into ice cream. The magic feats of the Arabian Nights are commonplace in the wonder-world of dreams.

Still, at times, the dreamer may be surprised by the development of his dream. Thus, a dream has been recorded in which a man saw himself back at his old school after an absence of many years. He realized the lapse of time, and hence upon recognizing one of his old class-mates among the students, said to him with surprise: "Are you still here?" It is, indeed, strange that one can be surprised by that which he himself creates. It is much as though one is writing a story, yet waiting in suspense to see how it will come out.

As a rule, any trace of reasoning in a dream will be illogical. St. Thomas declares, in fact, that such reasoning is always imperfect, and that it is only by accident that one comes to a true conclusion. But upon occasion an unexpected orderliness and acumen are manifested. It has often been asserted that an individual, having fallen asleep with an unsolved problem on his mind, has found that solution in a dream. One of the most astounding cases of this kind is told of Professor Hilprecht, an archeologist, who discovered, while dreaming, the clue for settling a difficulty concerning two ancient inscriptions, which had not previously been recognized as related to each other. To make the case more remarkable, it was an old Babylonian priest who appeared in his dream, and revealed the secret to him. Certain novelists, including, by his own account, Robert Louis Stevenson, have worked out the plots of stories in their dreams. Descartes, the celebrated philosopher, declared that the fundament of his system was revealed to him in sleep. He conceived this dream, which took place on the night of November 10, 1619, to have been the most important thing in his life, and in thanksgiving for it vowed to make a pilgrimage to Loretto.

As anyone may recognize, if he reflects carefully after awakening, the dream-image usually has its starting point in some experience, often a trivial one, of the preceding day. A man, for example, tells of a dream in which he was seated in a chair, watching a number of dogs run about a room. One of the dogs, which somewhat resembled a bull-dog, came up and put its head on his knee. Thinking back, the man remembered that, just before going to bed, he had been looking through an encyclopedia. Turning the leaves in search of an article, he had come upon a page covered with pictures of various types of dogs. He glanced at them curiously for just a moment; but this slight impression was enough to direct the course of his dream.

The development of the dream is due chiefly to three mental processes: 1) association, 2) dramatization, and 3) symbolic thinking. Association means simply that one idea suggests another with which it is connected, either logically, or as a result of previous experience. Anyone can recognize what is meant by this if he closes his eyes, leans back, selects a word at random, and asks himself: "Of what does this remind me?" Thus, the word "horse" may bring to mind "racetrack"; this suggests a friend who lost his money gambling; this, in turn, causes memory to revive of a dinner at his house at which a famous actor was present; this makes the person recall a movie in which the actor played; and so on indefinitely. This process of association is very much in evidence in dreaming, and forms the connecting

link between apparently irrelevant items. Hence, a person's dream-life will be constructed to a great extent of the material which enters his daily experience. The dreams of scientists, of bootblacks, of salesgirls, will show traces of their usual pursuits and actions. Indeed, by tracing down the associations, one can learn a great deal about the person, and unearth items of forgotten knowledge, and subconscious drives, of which the individual himself is not aware.

Dramatization means that dreams are made up, not of the abstract and colorless thought that often characterizes waking moments, but of concrete visual images. One does not dream merely of "flowers," but of gardens filled with roses, dahlias, and petunias. He does not have just the idea of "falling," but a picture of an aeroplane rushing toward the ground. Hence, a dream is very much like a motion-picture, in which one concrete scene succeeds another. It is to this process of dreams is principally due.

By symbolic thinking is meant the use of one idea or image to represent another. As an illustration of symbolism in dream-life, the case may be cited of a certain man, who, during a period of his life, was battling with the temptation to leave his wife, and run off with another woman. While the struggle was going on in his soul, he had a dream in which he was just about to go out the door of his house, but was forbidden by the man upstairs. It takes no great keenness to recognize that "going out the door" symbolized for him the yielding to temptation; and that "the man upstairs" was God, who prohibited violation of the moral law. Such symbolic thinking is very frequently present in dreams. Hence, they often have a much deeper meaning than appears on the surface.

Sometimes, the dream awakens no particular emotional response in the dreamer. Just as during the day thoughts may wander through a person's mind with which he is not especially concerned, so, too, in a dream he may look on scenes in a detached way, without experiencing either attraction or repulsion. However, very often the dream-picture awakens strong emotional responses, such as fear, anxiety, exaltation, satisfaction, or desire. One may dream that he is being chased by a mad dog, or trapped in a burning building, and go through all the agonies that would accompany such an experience in real life. Usually the frequent recurrence of such unpleasant dreams. or "nightmares," is indicative of emotional conflict.

There is considerable difference of opinion among psychologists on the question whether dreams go on all the time during sleep, or take place only occasionally. Some maintain that the mental powers work continuously in sleep, but that recollection of this is only fragmentary. The opinion which is more in accordance with experience declares that dreams occur only now and then in sleep. There is no way of deciding the question with certainty, but it does seem clear that there are dreams of which the person retains no recollection whatsoever. One who is under anaesthesia or hypnotism may, for instance, talk incessantly, indicating that he is dreaming, but not remember a single thing of this when he returns to consciousness.

The rapidity of dreaming is another matter of dispute. On the one side are those psychologists who claim that the action in dreams occupies only a fraction of the time that it would take in

real life. They appeal to experiences such as that of the man who was sleeping, when a bed-pole fell upon his neck. He awakened immediately with the memory of a dream in which there occurred a series of scenes from the French Revolution, which culminated in the fall of a guillotine upon his neck. It is claimed that the pole striking his neck started the dream, and that all the scenes were visualized in the brief interval before he awoke. However, other psychologists have conducted tests which seem to indicate that the action in the dream takes up about the same time that it would have done in reality. This is another question that can hardly be settled conclusively. Still, the fact that dreams take place in the form of visual images, in which scenes are flashed on the mind, as on a screen, seems to allow for greater rapidity than is possible in the real world, where things have to proceed step by step. Then, too, heed must be taken of the statements of persons who were rescued from drowning, or who lived after falling from a height, and afterwards declared that many scenes from their life flashed before them in their moment of peril.

The causes of dreaming, leaving aside for the present the consideration of possible preternatural agencies, can be reduced to four: 1) external sensations; 2) internal sensations; 3) impressions left in the imagination and memory from recent experiences; and 4) various emotional drives.

It is quite certain, both from ordinary experience, and from controlled tests, that stimulation of the external senses can be the starting point of dreams. The odor of smoke may cause the sleeper to dream that the house is on fire; the sound of the alarm-clock can start a dream of cathedral bells:

The Liguorian

the chill which results from loss of the bed-clothes may invoke the picture of floating on an iceberg in the Arctic Sea. In order to demonstrate this point scientifically, a series of 750 tests were conducted by a psychologist, in which pieces of gummed paper and oily substances were applied to various areas of the skin. The influence of these stimuli upon the dreams of the persons was quite marked. Tension applied to the sole of the foot caused dreams of dancing. Stimulation of the skin of the hands awakened dreams of manual functions.

Internal sensations, resulting from: 1) the state of the bodily organs, such as the heart, lungs, stomach, and intestines. 2) the condition of the muscles. and 3) the circulation of the blood, can also be the cause of dreams. It is a well-known fact that one of the best ways to produce a nightmare is to make an evening meal of Welsh rarebit, or of other such indigestible foods. A cramped position of the body, the movements of the arms and legs, and the muscular actions involved in breathing have all been identified as the cause of dreams. Even the circulation of blood in the ears can at times suggest dreams of rushing water, and similar images.

Impressions left in the mind by

trains of thought pursued with close attention often do not subside at once when sleep comes; but persevere in some way in the memory, and may also start a course of dreaming. Similarly, strong desires and other emotional states can be the source of dreams. It has been noticed, for instance, that those who are starving often dream of food; orphans dream of life with their families: convicts dream of the world outside their prisons. This is a natural result of the fact that emotion, such as anticipation, worry, grief, fear, and aversion, tends to fix ideas in the mind, and establishes strong bonds of association. How many persons, even when awake, declare of the subject of their worry or fear: "I can't get it off my mind!" There is little wonder, then, that in sleep these same emotionally charged ideas should recur in the form of dreams. Incidentally, from this tendency a natural explanation may be found of the rather frequent experience of the appearance of deceased loved ones in dreams shortly after their death.

The problem of the meaning and interpretation of dreams, an involved one, both from a psychological and a religious point of view, will be considered in a separate article.

Use for Excuses

The Chicago Daily News had this anecdote, which strikes off a homely bit of common human "orneriness". It was quoted by Warren Austin in reference to the "orneriness" of the Russians.

It seems there was a farmer whose neighbor came to him one day and asked to borrow his axe.

"Sorry, Jim," said the farmer, "I've got to shave tonight."

His wife later took him to task, saying, "Why did you give Jim such a silly excuse?"

"If you don't want to do a thing," the farmer replied, "one excuse is as good as another."

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

Problem: Most boys expect to be permitted to kiss a girl at least after one or two dates. Is it permissible or advisable to go along with their wishes? Some girls with whom I have talked say that if you don't permit it you will lose every boy-friend.

Solution: Let's bring this question down to some fundamental principles and reasoning, leaving out of consideration for the moment whether "most boys expect it" or "all girls advise it." Little of value for one's happiness is ever learned from what "everybody happens to be doing."

The purpose of dates between marriageable young people is that they may become acquainted with each other's characters and so find out whether, when the question comes up as it should eventually, there is a good chance of their being happily married. Let it be noted that the purpose of dates is not primarily and exclusively "a good time"—with no further implications. Of course, every boy and girl want to have a good time on a date, but this should be subjected, in their minds, to the more serious purposes that justify company-keeping and its dangers. It is because so many young people think of dating as just a means of "having a good time" that so many fall into sin on their dates. A decent boy and girl will never think of a good time as permitting anything contrary to God's law; nor will they be unmindful that on their dates they are making a test of each other.

Passionate kissing, it has been shown in this column, is forbidden to unmarried people. There are different kinds of kissing, and the above problem can only be considered as pertaining to that kind which is not gravely sinful. There is no question about the other. Even that, however, we say, indulged in on a first or second or third date, is a serious obstacle to the fulfillment of the purpose of company-keeping. Kissing, even though it be quite modest, stimulates physical attraction to another. In proportion as it does so, it lessens the ability of intelligence to judge the fitness of a companion for marriage. Many a girl who permitted a boy to kiss her on short acquaintance has been swept into marriage by her feelings, only to find that he was anything but the person to make her happy. Many a girl who permitted kissing to a near stranger has been swept into sin and into a forced marriage.

The above principles are so true that even if all boys expected a girl to consent to kissing, and all girls advised it, (which is not true), they should still be followed by an intelligent, self-respecting, God-fearing girl. Following them is the only known way of finding an intelligent, self-respecting, virtuous boy for a partner in marriage.

Park Bench Interlude

Portrait of a mother, who never appears in this touching little scene.

L. G. Miller

THE old gentleman sat back on the green park bench and looked quizzically at his companion, a youngster of about ten, neatly dressed in blue knee pants, expensive jacket, and with a cap perched on the back of his round little head. It was late spring, and the breeze from the sea came across the park in the late afternoon with a slight chill in its breath.

The old gentleman, who presented a somewhat battered and worn appearance, enhanced by a stubble of beard and a nondescript top-coat of ancient vintage, had been sunning himself throughout the long afternoon, quietly turning over in his mind, as old people will do, the rags and tags of memories out of the past. He had just been preparing with reluctance to get up and proceed on his way home, when the boy had suddenly popped up from nowhere and plumped down beside him on the bench without a word of greeting or explanation. When he finally did speak, it was in very sulky tones:

"My nurse is an old cow!"

"Eh?" said the old gentleman, who was not hard of hearing, but in this case was simply taken by surprise.

"My nurse is a big old cow!" repeated the boy.

"You don't say so."

"She's an old cow, and I hate her," insisted the boy. "And what's more, she's afraid of squirrels!" This last judgment was offered with infinite scorn, as constituting the ultimate piece of damning evidence.

"Well now," the old gentleman said,

"You shouldn't talk about your nurse like that. That's no way to do."

"But she's everything I said she was and lots more, too," said the boy. And as if conjuring up an image of his enemy before him, he rudely thrust out his tongue.

"Where is your nurse?"

"Oh, she's over there," said the little boy vaguely, pointing to the whole park in front of them.

"Does she know you're here?"

"No."

"Then she'll be real worried about you, won't she?"

"I don't care. She was talking real mushy to a policeman, so I just ran away, and she didn't even see me."

"Well, we don't want her to worry, so let's go and find her, shall we?"

"No, I won't!" said the little boy with finality. "She's an old cow and I hate her and I hope a big old squirrel comes along and—and—bites off her big toe."

The old gentleman rubbed his chin reflectively and eyed his small companion with some apprehension.

"What's your name?" he finally ask-

"Ronald."

"Ronald? That's a nice name. Ronald what?"

"Ronald Roland."

The name struck a little chord of memory in the old gentleman's mind, but he could not at the moment identify it.

"H'm. Does your nurse bring you out to the park often, Ronald?"

"Every afternoon."

"Where is your mother?"

"Oh, she works in the studio."

"Is your mother an actress?"

"Ves."

The memory identified itself for the old gentleman now. Rita Roland, star of stage and screen. Tempestuous luminary of many a movie love triangle. He had never seen her on the screen himself (at his age and with his failing eyesight the movies held little appeal), but headlines in the newspapers and remarks of his grandchildren had made the name familiar to him.

"What's your name?" the little boy suddenly asked.

"My name? My name is Mr. Sullivan. Did you ever hear of a name like that?"

"No," said Ronald, without interest. "Where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in a big house with my daughter and her husband, and they have six little children like yourself."

"Gee!" said Ronald, and looked at the old gentleman with full attention for the first time in their informal interview, "Six children! That must be swell!"

"Oh, it is!" said Mr. Sullivan, an expressed opinion somewhat at variance with what he felt and sometimes said when his brood of grandchildren made a greater than usual uproar around the house. "Haven't you any brothers and sisters?" he went on.

"No. I've got a swimming pool and a pony and a swing in the yard but I haven't got any children to play with. All I've got is my nurse and she's an old cow and I hate her."

Mr. Sullivan thought he had better steer the conversation away from this dangerous subject, so he quickly asked:

"You like your mother, don't you?"

"Oh, she's all right," said Ronald. "She brings me lots of presents and she

comes and plays with me every Sunday afternoon."

"Is that the only time you see her?" asked the old gentleman, quite scandalized.

"Well, she comes in almost every night real late and wakes me up and kisses me and gets lipstick all over my face. Just like an old cow, that's what she is."

At this the old gentleman was not only scandalized, he was horrified.

"That's no way to talk about your mother, you young rascal. Your father ought to take a strap to you and teach you manners. Doesn't your father ever do that?"

"Oh, I haven't got any father," said the little boy, kicking his legs and looking rather bored with the whole discussion.

"You haven't any father?"

"No, my father doesn't live at our house any more. Just my mother and me and the nurse and the servants."

Now this conversation was turning out to be very distasteful one for Mr. Sullivan. The world of twisted relationships opened up to him by the boy's remarks was one he had read about in the papers, but it was so far removed from his own field of experience that the poignancy of it had never struck home to him until now. Coming from a large family himself, he had raised a large family of his own, and while his circumstances had never been anything but straitened, there had always been in the midst of the turmoil and noise of a growing family a reasonable measure of interdependence and love, and withal a firm parental discipline. To encounter a young monster like this, with the springs of affection and respect for his elders apparently completely dried up was a surprise and a shock to him. He eyed his young companion,

uncertain what to say next, lest he uncover more horrors.

Meanwhile the boy was growing somewhat restless, and the old gentleman reached over and took him firmly by the hand.

"Don't you think," he said, "it's time you were going back to your nurse?"

"No!" said the boy. "She's an old cow."

"That's as may be, but just the same, you're going back to her. Come now, tell me where she is."

Whatever scene of violence might have resulted from this demand and its consequent inevitable refusal was forestalled, for at that moment the lady in question herself bore down upon them, seized upon the little boy with a shriek compounded of equal parts of anxiety and relief, and then directed an indignant glance at old Mr. Sullivan.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said to that worthy gentleman. "I've a good notion to call a policeman."

"My dear woman, what are you talking about?"

"You know well what I'm talking about! Enticing little Ronald to go off with you."

"Enticing him to go off with me?"

"You heard me."

"But my dear woman-"

"His mother won't like it all all."

"She won't eh?" A certain grimness began to creep into Mr. Sullivan's tones.

"No, she won't. And she can make things hot for you, too. Do you know who this boy is?"

"I have a vague idea."

"He's the son of Rita Roland, that's who he is."

Mr. Sullivan's lips were now compressed, and his chin thrust forward.

"Ronald's mother," went on the nurse, "doesn't want him associating with people of your stamp, with dirty old clothes. He may even have picked up some disease. You just better be careful."

Here was the straw that broke the camel's back. Mr. Sullivan, of course, should have discounted this tirade as coming from a woman wrought up in her anxiety, and motivated by the fear of losing her job because of her carelessness. But being an Irishman, he was the reverse of phlegmatic, and this last slur upon his personal dignity was more than he could bear. Rising from the bench, he stood before his tormentor like a patriarch and fixed her with a baleful eye.

"Madam," he said, "will you stop that flow of nonsense coming from your mouth for just one moment."

Her lips half parted in surprise, the nurse fell back a pace.

"Your young ward here," went on the old gentleman, "inflicted himself upon me a few moments ago, and I have been trying ever since to find out where he came from. In the course of our conversation, he referred to you repeatedly as an old cow. I reproved him for it at the time. Now I am inclined to believe that he is right."

He passed impressively; then lifted his hat.

"Good day to you, madam. And to you, young man. Your mother may be a famous actress, but you may tell her in the name of Mr. Michael Patrick Sullivan that she is the poorest excuse for a parent that he has ever heard of in the course of a long and varied life."

And leaving his listeners to stare after him, Mr. Sullivan with great dignity and stateliness proceeded on his way.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: Two days before we were married, my wife, who is a Lutheran, was told about the promise she had to make to bring up our children as Catholics. She signed the promise, but when our first child was born, told me she hadn't meant it, and signed it only because all the preparations had been made for our marriage and she didn't want to raise any trouble. Now she insists on bringing the child up as a Lutheran. Am I permitted to continue to receive the sacraments in the Catholic Church?

Solution: Crying over spilt milk is usually a futile occupation, but in your case it can provide a valuable lesson for other Catholics and non-Catholics. The fact that your wife-to-be heard about the promises she had to make only two days before your marriage was your fault. The first time you ever thought about marrying this girl you should have faced the question of whether she would be able to respect your conscience concerning your children; and the first time you broached the subject of marriage to her you should have brought up the conditions she would have to fulfill and made your offer of marriage dependent on them. You are now paying for your neglect of such obligations of conscience, and providing a sad example of the danger of mixed marriages. Neither a Catholic nor a non-Catholic should enter the state of marriage without carefully considering all the obligations it will entail; and in the case of a mixed marriage, the problems should be frankly faced, stated and thrashed out before there is any engagement.

It is only your pastor who can now decide for you whether you are doing everything in your power to persuade your wife to keep the promise she made, and everything in your power to save your child for the faith you are bound to try to transmit to it. There is also the obligation of preventing scandal to other Catholics, who realize your obligations and who will, of course, be aware of it if they are not being fulfilled. I suggest that you humbly present yourself to your pastor, lay the whole situation before him, accept his advice, and permit him to decide whether you may approach the sacraments. Meanwhile, of course, you must pray much every day, and try to live the life of a saint, to win God's favor on your efforts to solve a very difficult problem.

Their Parents Ought to be in Jail

It is the old, old mystery: Why children have to pay so dearly for the crimes of wicked parents.

D. J. Corrigan

THE BOY had been getting into trouble and it was my task to ask him some questions: "Where is your father?"

The lad countered with his own query: "Which one do you mean? My real one, or the one my mother is living with now?"

It was the same old story: a broken home and neglected children. I had heard it many times before and had seen its almost undeviatingly disastrous effects on the souls of boys and girls.

There are many worthwhile arguments against divorce. But very few of them carry any weight with a modern pagan saturated with the immoral ideas of today-and for that matter with some Catholics whose minds have been poisoned by secularist education or irreligious environment. For a priest who would try to help these wayward couples hang together, about the only point of appeal is the well-being of their children-when there are children-and if, as often happens, they are not interested in their offspring, then it is just too bad for their marriage and their children too.

In my youth I had the good fortune to grow up in a small town. As far as I can remember, among non-Catholics as well as Catholics, there was not a single divorce in families that had children. Of course, a few homes had been broken up by death, and we all felt sorry for the widowed mother or the lone father trying to keep children together. To my knowledge, there was only one case of juvenile delinquency

in that town, and the boy was halfwitted at that. But I understand that the town has changed considerably since; it has been keeping up with the tenor of the times.

All states have reformatories for wayward boys and girls. While it is true that many of these young people are tainted with real criminality, a large number of minor delinquents go into these institutions every year and some time later emerge a whole lot wiser in the ways of vice than upon their entrance. Criminologists are conscious of this problem, but what to do about it is another matter.

One large mid-western city has hit upon a happy solution. Here juvenile authorities have set up, out in the country, two rather adequate schools, one for boys and one for girls, to which the court sends delinquents who give promise of doing better under more encouraging surroundings. There are no walls around these institutions and the young people live in cottages. While there is no luxury, the young person is cared for in far more comfort and wholesome atmosphere than has usually been his lot hitherto. The only trouble is that the boy or girl is confined, and that naturally irks a teenaged soul.

For some years now it has been the writer's task to look after the spiritual needs of the Catholic girls in one of these schools. Proportionately, there are fewer Catholic girls in this public reformatory, since most Catholic female delinquents are placed in the Good Shepherd Convent. In this locality, however, Catholic colored girls who run afoul the law, are just out of luck, because, through a very peculiar interpretation of the Mystical Body, there is no welcome mat out for the Negro girl at Catholic houses of correction.

(On this point memory brings up a Catholic Negro girl, whom we shall call Sarah Mae, I was never able to learn anything about her father, but the child was raised by the colored nuns in an orphanage. After the eighth grade the girl went back to her mother, who was a street-walker. Sarah Mae came to the Catholic high school and did all right for a time. But after a while she was picked up several times by the police, for she had been roaming the avenues late at night in bad company. Finally we were told by juvenile authorities that Sarah Mae would have to be incarcerated, that she would have to be sent to the state reformatory where the really bad girls were put. She would have been glad to go to a Catholic institution, and the judge would have gladly permitted that, if there had been one that would accept her. But there were none. Since that time I have seen Sarah Mae only once. She drifted in one evening and promised to come back to make a good confession. But she never appeared again. I shall never forget what she told me: "Father, I learned more things in that prison than I ever dreamed could happen.")

But to get back to the training school in question. In my acquaintance, every judge, officer or worker who has anything to do with juvenile delinquency, is most vociferous in decrying the lack of religious and moral training as the major contributing cause of youthful crime. Maybe that is the rea-

son why most officials in these reformatories, in spite of the McCollum decision, are happy to have priests and ministers do what they can for their charges.

The good that is accomplished in this reforming school is extensive, I believe. But then it would largely effect that, if only it got the girls out of their rotten environment and often still more rotten homes into decent surroundings. But, as with our public schools, this reformatory is handicapped by the American system: it has to combat lawlessness and immorality almost entirely without the two weapons that alone can effectually turn hearts from sin: religion and definite morality. To a Catholic it is sad to see these girls receive one hour of religious instruction a week, when they need it every day; Mass and Holy Communion only on Sunday, when daily participation in the Sacred Mysteries would benefit them so much.

Usually when a girl is committed to this institution, she is stubborn and rebellious. The appearance in court often leaves a lasting, bitter remembrance, in which the judge and all who contributed to her incarceration are public enemies number one. A girl whose father had had her committed once somewhat shocked me when in a moment of discouragement she said: "I hate my father's guts!" Quite often the new girls run away, but the police almost always bring them back. As time goes on, these young would-be criminals settle down and I have had any number of girls tell me: "I don't want to go back to what I was in before; I am content to stay here until I get a decent place to live."

Very few of these girls would be in jail, if they had been fortunate enough to have a devoted father and mother looking after them. While it is true that occasionally they are "mad at the world," because either they are downhearted or have been, to their way of thinking, unjustly disciplined, most of the time they are well behaved, cheerful, cooperative and devout. They know that they will be "kept in captivity" until they have proved themselves. and until authorities find good places for them to live, and for that reason they have developed certain traditions that are intended to help each other. Thus when the girls notice that a companion is morose and planning an escape, very often the others will report her before it happens, because running away means a longer stay at the institution. As a rule, the would-be offender is later grateful for the "snitching."

The majority of them have or acquire the gang spirit and only with reluctance will pass up a dare to get into some devilment (usually not serious), but in the main they are little different from other groups of young people I have instructed. While they might occasionally surprise a priest with their past knowledge of the alley-ways of the world, they very often impress him with their acts of sympathy and kindness and, yes, faith. One such incident comes to mind: The Catholic girls had been going out, under supervision, to Mass each Sunday and most of them had been receiving Holy Communion. It was only after several months I learned that in order to receive, these delinquent girls had had to fast until noon, as they missed their breakast at the regular time. Again: When because of the fact that meat is served almost every Friday I had in all fairness to acquaint them with the knowledge that they could be excused from the law of abstinence, when there would be no

scandal and it would be difficult for them to get enough to eat, they told me: "We'll try to do without the meat, if we can get along with the other things served."

In many ways a priest is handicapped in his work in such a public institution. While officials are, as a rule, helpful and cooperative, still laws and rules sometimes stand in the way. When the girls are committed to this particular reform school, they are classified either Catholic or non-Catholic. Once a week a priest gets in to instruct the Catholic girls and hear confessions in an office, while a deaconess gives bible lessons to the non-Catholics. A non-Catholic girl who is an orphan and who may wish instruction in the Catholic faith, is not allowed to approach a priest, because she has no one to youch for her as long as she is a minor and in custody. What would help these girls most, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, would be a closed retreat once or twice a year, but it is impossible to arrange. In most cases the girls have had very little religious training, much too meagre, if they had any at all, to counteract the bad example and damaging environment of their home life; yet in the very institution to which they have been sent for rehabilitation, they do not find it either. I have found, however, that most of our Catholic girls take to their catechism, try to do right, and apparently profit by the private talks that we have from time to time. They will "open up" to a priest, whom they feel they can trust.

Just about all the girls in this reformatory are poor. Some of them would not be where they are, if they had not grown up in a slum area, where they early became accustomed to hearing about and seeing vice in all its gaudy forms. I have known girls of well-to-do-families who were guilty of far more serious crimes than most of these incarcerated girls, but who were not committed to any public school of correction. In these cases money could talk by way of securing fancy lawyers, removal to another territory, or sometimes by voluntary placement in a private reform school which would not leave on their reputation a stigma of any kind. In the long run, however, many of these "poor" delinquents may be better off.

But what has impressed me most about these girls is the fact that just about every youngster comes from a broken home. In a few cases some unfortunate, unpreventable accident, such as death, disrupted the family circle, but in most cases it is parental culpability, associated with divorce and remarriage, or other forms of sexual promiscuity. Juvenile authorities often do their best to assist these shattered souls by placing them in orphanages or foster homes, but one has only to work with these imprisoned young people to learn that these substitutions can rarely take the place of real family care.

Take Bessie, for example. Bessie was a fourteen year old girl, who lived in a nice house, if not a wholesome home. I knew her before the judge sentenced her to a correctional institution for three years; in fact, her teacher had asked me to talk to her, as she had been disappearing from home for days at a time. After finally winning the voungster's confidence. I listened to her story: "My mother and step-father are good to me, but I don't like it. Right over a few blocks my real daddy lives and he has a new wife. I love my daddy and I love my mother; I can't be happy with these strange people around them." Bessie promised not to run away any more, but a few months later I found her at the reformatory. The girl had to be imprisoned for her own protection.

We could go on with more examples of parental neglect and culpability, but what is the use? The reader can imagine the damage to an adolescent maiden who beholds her mother coming home with different men every other night. I remember very well the exclamation of an angry judge after a trying morning a few years back in the juvenile court: "Look here, Father," he said, "I've had to be sentencing these youngsters all morning. It is their parents that I ought to be locking up!"

Inflation Incident

Father H. J. Wiesen, an S.V.D. missionary in China, tells of a little girl, Li-Hsiu-Chin by name, who ran gaily to a store in Peiping clutching a \$10,000 bill in her hand.

"I want a popsicle," she said to the store-keeper, "and here's my money." "Sorry, little girl," said the man, "but that isn't enough. Popsicles are now \$20,000. This morning at 11:30 they were \$10,000."

So Li-Hsiu-Chin ran back home and her mother gave her another \$10,000 bill

"Now," she said to the store-keeper, "give me a popsicle. Here's my money."

The clerk eyed the little girl sadly. "Little girl," he said, "that isn't enough. Popsicles are now \$30,000."

The Sailor and the Iceberg

There is nothing more majestic than the slowly moving icebergs of the North Atlantic; nor than the thoughts to which they give rise.

T. A. McDonough

"TELL ME AGAIN about the icebergs, Mac," said I, one sweltering summer's night, to the good-humoredly efficient watchman from Hooley's wharf.

Smiling John P. McPhee, chief boatswain's mate (retired) of the United States Coast Guard's famed International Ice Patrol, not merely reveres and respects icebergs, he loves them. The reason for his fascinating love you

will shortly understand.

Working the ships in the harbor, trying a little missionary work as chapplain of a port, I had had what I chalked down as a hard and fruitless day. I needed a tonic. Therefore I had telephoned McPhee to hurry over to the rectory. There once again I had him take me out of this humid tropical air and bring me up to the Grand Banks. Nothing more refreshing on a tired summer's night than a rendezvous with an iceberg!

"Yes," began Mac, in a gentle tone of authority, "icebergs are beautiful."

The man is actually enthusiastic. There is a warmth of affection for the bergs in his voice that makes you feel that here is a good and humble man. He received God's weather and God's works of nature with gratitude.

"These icebergs," Mac continued, "have a life and a way of their own. Like massive, nature-made ships, without cargo, crew, or passengers, they cruise south during three or four months of each year across the shipping lanes near the Grand Banks until they bathe in the temperate Gulf Stream waters where they melt, break up, and disap-

pear. Without benefit or hindrance from man, over four hundred of the bergs float south from the Arctic each vear."

I could have prompted him on what was coming next. I have heard the story a dozen times. It was enough for me to listen.

"Since icebergs are a menace to navigation," Mac went on, "men tried many years ago to blast, to bomb, to dynamite them. Even the Navy's big guns gave them a terrific shelling. Perfectly indifferent were the bergs. Not the least bit damaged or disturbed, the huge skyscraper and mountain shape masses of floating ice just kept on their way minding their own business.

"Their power and might, I suppose, impress one more than anything else," explained Mac, squaring away like a teacher giving a lecture. "You must remember when you see a berg that beneath the surface there is much more ice to it than you can see. Glacial ice floats with eight-ninths of its whole

body below the surface.

"Sometimes on days when the sky and the sea are of the same gray wintry color, you cannot see the berg until you are almost upon it. It blends itself with the background so perfectly. For that very reason a tanker ran aground on an iceberg just a few years ago. However, when the sun is shining on millions of particles of varied colored ice, you have a thrilling sight.

"We used to say that we were 'guarding' the bergs. As a matter of fact, we were guarding all navigation

against the icebergs. We would locate them, figure out their size, direction, and speed of movement, and then send out daily ice and weather reports to warn all navigation of the danger of floating ice.

"Now, on one of my ten patrols I have always felt that in a hazardous hour an iceberg came to my rescue.

"Our fifteen day patrolling period finished, we moved, according to custom, over to a relieving station at sea. There a relief cutter was to meet us and then go out for its turn on another fifteen day patrol. This relief ship was to come over to our vessel with one of their boats in order to transfer an officer and his assistant and some scientific equipment back to the patrol vessel. The cutter coming out to relieve us was to lower the boat and make the transfer. The two men and the equipment stay out there changing from one cutter to another all during the iceberg season. We were more fortunate. After fifteen days of patrolling, we would head for port to take on fuel. water, and provisions, and to get some relaxation for the men.

"On one particular patrol when the relief cutter met us during a very bad storm, somebody got hurt as they were lowering the boat. As the seamen say, 'We were all fouled up.' They sent word over they did not think it advisable to lower a boat until the weather moderated, whenever that might be.

"Here was a fine kettle of fish. We had been all set for liberty ashore. We were to get a rest from stormy weather. Instead, we hove to with heavy hearts, waiting for the storm to subside. We were unhappy about the delay. In fact, we were so opposed to the idea of sitting out there waiting idly for a storm to calm down that we called a meeting among ourselves and picked a volunteer crew that was ready to risk the

transfer. Our officers were pleased. They wanted to get ashore as well as we. They agreed that the transfer could be made and gave us permission to go ahead."

It must have been an exciting day. Mac is justly proud of the confidence that his officers and shipmates placed in him years ago when the executive officer said to him: "Okay, Mac, make the transfer. You are in complete charge. Nobody will interfere with you. There will be no talking or joking. Take full command of lowering and hoisting the boat."

"Making the transfer was hazardous," Mac continued, in a matter-offact tone. "Even on the lee side the sea was angry. Heavy swells rolled against us. We lifted and lowered on our cutter as we rode the crest and the trough of the giant rollers. Nevertheless, we turned to with great spirit. We wanted to get ashore. Furthermore, we thought, 'Why should the Coast Guard be turned back by rough weather?' Driven sleet against our faces did not give us a thought as we carefully prepared for the transfer. We wanted none of our men to get hurt, nor, above all, to be lost.

"'Okay, Mac, make the transfer. You are in complete charge.' Like sweet music, the words of the executive officer were ringing in my ears. And then, as the words kept on repeating over and over in my mind, I began to sense my responsibility. 'Okay, Mac, make the transfer. You are in complete charge.' The words were tolling like a warning.

"That night of April 14, 1912, flashed before me. I could see the seven and a half million dollar transatlantic liner, the SS TITANIC, racing across the North Atlantic from Southhampton to New York on her proud maiden

voyage, crashing into an unseen iceberg and going down with a loss of 1517 lives.

"Almost immediately after that horrible disaster, our patrol was instituted and, except for the war years, has been carried out since. But," Mac went on, "this was no time for historical reflections.

"We got six men into the boat for manning the oars. The officer and his assistant with the equipment were in the stern, with the coxswain at, the steering oar. Men were stationed on the fenders, others were on the frapping lines, and two men were standing by to lower the boat. Everything was ready.

"Just at the exact moment when the crest of a wave would rise beneath the boat. I was to release it. With perfect coordination, the sailors in the boat were then to lose not a second of time in getting it quickly away from the side. Release a boat that you are lowering a second too soon, or a second too late, and you may lose all its occupants. I was worried but not afraid.

"I looked at the boat swinging from the davit. I looked back across the deck on the cutter. And I involuntarily took one long look out at sea. I felt strangely that it would help if I could only see an iceberg.

"'It would help,' thought I, 'if I could only catch one good glimpse of that beautiful old mountain-like berg that we had been guarding.' Of course, I couldn't see a thing, the visibility was so poor. And yet, somewhere nearby and unseen was this big fellow going along about his business. That berg seemed to befriend me. The iceberg became a challenge. Me, a lone sailor, and the iceberg seemed to come to grips.

"Inside of me something clicked as I thought of the iceberg. All of a sud-

den I began to pray. Over and over again I began to say quietly with all my strength: 'My God, help me to do this job right. My God, I cannot do it alone. God in heaven, help us to get this boat down and back without injury or casualty.'

"It was the first time I had ever really learned to pray. Prayers never had much of a place in our family or our education. Maybe our ancestors had the Faith in centuries past, but little enough did we have when we lived in a little southern town. Not much religion, much less a Catholic Church, honored this town. That's why we just always figured that, since we had no definite religion at all, we were 'protestants'.

"'Please, God,' I kept repeating over and over to myself, 'help me in this work.'

"The prayer helped. We lowered the boat perfectly. Pulling with all their might on the oars, the fellows got it away from the side safely. Down the far side of a mountainous roller they went, out of sight in the little boat, and then were seen riding over the crest of a wave towards the other cutter.

"They took the patrol officer, with his assistant and the equipment, over to the other cutter, got the incoming mail, and returned to our vessel.

"The job half done, there was still great danger, even though we were doing everything according to the best type of seamanship. We received the boat at the best lee, a little forward of the beam. Had two lines ready, one line well aft and the other well forward. We had to keep the boat along-side while we hauled her under the falls. All of the time I was praying silently, 'God, help me get this boat and the men back safely.'

"We hooked everything on fine,

hoisted the boat to the deck where we welcomed our men with great joy. Without a bit of delay, we got under way for port and our coveted brief vacation. Everyone was happy. We felt that we had earned our liberty, and all of the men were slapping me on the back saying, 'Good boy, Mac, you did a perfect job.'

"I felt good myself," Mac admitted, "although I was not talking much about what I had been doing. I did not tell the fellows that an iceberg gave me the idea to pray, and that the prayer helped us to success."

The old timer continued: "Ever since that memorable transfer, I made up my mind to be honest and truthful and to pray every day. And, incidentally, all my prayers have been answered. Icebergs," he concluded, are really beautiful."

Mac had refreshed me once again. I then opened up an envelope and showed him a few excellent photographs of icebergs I had secured for him as well as for myself. His eyes brightened, his lips began to smile. I began to reflect on the rest of the story which he insists is not his part but mine.

Two years ago he used to come in for a daily visit to our Catholic Maritime Club, a real home for merchant seamen away from home. Here he would stop for a cold drink of water, or to while away an hour playing checkers with active seamen temporarily unemployed. His heart was with the sea, and, though retired, he liked associating with men of the sea. Like some other retired gentlemen, Mac had another custom. He would go out in the morning for a walk that ended up on a bench in the park. He would sit there and converse with anyone with whom he chanced to meet. Tiring of one park, he would go to another and sit there. resting and thinking. In the late afternoon, when people were coming from work, Mac would walk home for dinner and an evening at home with his family. But he was not satisfied. He was lonesome. Just like a lot of men. Money, or the things that money can buy, he needed neither. He did not know just what he did need. Patiently he prayed each day, and if his cronies in the park had nothing to talk about, Mac told them about the icebergs.

Somehow he took a liking to the Catholic Maritime Club and gave up the trips to the parks. Like a duck taking to the water, my friend Mac stepped right in on the performance of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy for the moral, spiritual and social welfare of sailors ashore from the ships.

Into the hospitals he went, visiting the hospitalized seamen, encouraging and instructing them, then telling them a little about the icebergs. Down on the ships in port he went, from one end of the waterfront to the other, to inform the seamen on the ships about Mass in the nearest church.

"I am not a Catholic," he said to the sailors, 'but that does not make any difference. If you need a good place to visit when ashore, go to the Catholic Maritime Club. It's for all seamen. The Catholic Maritime Club is part of the world-wide Apostleship of the Sea."

The seamen, so little thought of in their human needs and desires in our great ports, were grateful for Mac's invitation, because his heart was in his volunteer work. They might have been surprised did they know that he was devoting twenty five hours of his free time to the Apostleship of the Sea each week. And Mac was losing his lone-someness.

After two years of such priceless action, the kindly veteran of the ice

patrol surprised nobody when one day he stood at attention at the Chaplain's desk. Then, in the manner of a man making a statement that he has thought over carefully, said: "Father, I would like to become a Catholic. Tell me what I am to know and what to do. I have always felt that everybody ought to have some religion. Yet, at the same time, I have never joined any church before this for the simple reason that I saw no reason for joining a church unless it was absolutely true. I have been all around the world; I know pretty much of different religions at first hand. I would not trust my soul to any of them except the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is worldwide. She is reasonable, yet strict. She is serious about souls. She is realistic in the way she works. After much reading, thinking, observing, and praying, I am convinced that the Catholic Church has been founded by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I would die for the Church."

After he had finished his instructions and was baptized, Mac gave me another thrill when I asked him how in the world he had been able to understand everything so well in the catechism, how in the world he had learned the answers in the book word for word.

Mac smiled at my obtuseness. He is very patient. "It was easy," he said. "I studied the catechism just as if I were sitting for my license. I knew from the very beginning that I could not learn the catechism alone. So. just like up near the icebergs, I prayed for help. Prayer is my secret formula."

Family sickness later obliged Mac to take up a type of work from which he could earn enough money to pay the doctor's bills. But even though he had regretfully to give up his typical St. Vincent de Paul work for the sailors, we know that down on the waterfront where he works, he radiates what they call 'top-level' influence among his friends and fellow workmen. "I cannot do much alone," he says, "but I can pray. I have been talking to some born-Catholics down there and I can see that there is much work to be done."

Let anybody ask him, down on Hooley's wharf where he stands his watch, what he is thinking about. Mac will very softly yet firmly reply: "Sir, I am reviewing the truths in the cate-chism. Then as the spirit moves me, I make a little meditation here and there on these truths."

Let the visitor be inclined to while away the time in pleasant conversation, you can take the word of a man who knows, the subject will quickly veer around from the south, up to the Grand Banks, and Mac will be heard easing out into the stream: "Yes, icebergs are beautiful."

Over and over again, even as I, you can hear him tell how he lowered and raised a boat in the storm. But you will never grow tired. It is not his language that wins. It is not the tears of joy in his eyes that tug at your heart. You make a mistake if you walk away saying lightly, as so many do, "Those seamen, they are such interesting people."

You will learn, friend, even as I have learned. Mac does not love an iceberg. The Hooley-wharf watchman talks not at all of the beauty, the power, the danger of floating ice. The man is talking of God. He tells and he lives a lesson you must not escape. God always answers your prayers when you make them right.

END



Lessons from Murder

A most significant event, from the viewpoint of shut-ins, occurred shortly after the birth of Christ. It was the massacre of the infants by King Herod, who was so jealous of the new-born King that he ordered a mass murder of all the babies in the area in which Christ might be found in an effort to wipe out the threat to his own throne.

The significant thing is that God permitted this terrible crime, when He could have prevented it by destroying Herod, and, apart from the angelic warning given to Joseph, used only the natural means of flight to escape the swords of Herod's soldiers. There is a twofold lesson in the event for every shut-in.

The first lesson is very obvious. It is one that Christ was to put into specific words later on. It is the lesson that many would be asked to suffer in His name; that while, from the temporal viewpoint, such suffering would seem unjust, ill-timed, futile and unreasonable, it would be crowned with a victory immeasureable in temporal terms.

The slaughtered infants were baptized in their blood; they were saved from even the chance of ranging themselves on the side of Christ's enemies; they won heaven and have been enjoying heaven for hundreds of years. It is possible that one of the torments of Herod in hell is the realization of the wondrous good he wrought for the children of Israel while he was losing his own soul. So the shut-in may turn out to be thankful for all eternity for sufferings that the world labelled unreasonable, futile and unjust.

The second lesson is that it is in no way incompatible with the acceptance of pain as a blessing in disguise, to use all natural means at hand to deliver oneself from it, so long as it is remembered that deliverance from one pain may be but an exchange for another. By flight, the Child Jesus escaped death, but in return He had to accept the hardships, privations and dependence on his foster-father's begging during His sojourn in Egypt. So the sick may at length arise from bed and go back into the active world, but there they will have to face other trials, both spiritual and temporal. No doubt God weighs the shut-in's capacity for facing those other trials, when he considers releasing him from confinement and bodily pain.

On Canoeing

In many sections of America, especially near rivers and lakes, it is a boy's greatest ambition to own a canoe. His interest comes to him from a long line of forebears.

R. J. Garvey

CIRIBIN, cedar boughs, and the romantic north woods, are well intertwined in the popular concept of canoeing. Beneath no skies but are starlit, along none but moss-sodden banks, in shadows of pines none but stately, these lithesome craft are known silently to glide. And therefore, we fear, some may forget that canoeing is a real American sport.

In fact, to be strictly Smithsonian, canoeing is more American than base-ball. To avoid controversy, one bypasses Hiawatha and his fabled "white-canoe" and begins with evidence more documentary. The word "canoe" was a vague term, in earlier days, not apt to connote any of the types (some 300,000) now found in American lakes and rivers. To Columbus, for instance, "canoa" was simply a Haitian word for "dug-out." But it came to mean any kind of native boat, which like the tribes themselves, were of a very wide variety.

Some, the Eskimoes, had a comparatively well developed boat-craft in the kayak, described as a personal pontoon, and the umiak, or woman's boat. Others, like the Dakota tribes, built a very primitive "bull-boat"—a bowl-shaped frame-work, over which was stretched a buffalo skin. In most parts of the United States and the West Indies, dug-outs, or plank-canoes, were the common make. They were hollowed by burning, or by shaving them out with the "adz." Thus, in Pennsylvania, amochal was the Indian word for pop-

lar, buttonwood, and sycamore, and meant "boat-wood." In California the Yurok were a capitalist tribe, who went in the business and sold canoes to their neighbors; otherwise it was a domestic craft, no assembly line, or piece work.

Some tribes learned canoe-making from the whites. Father Marquette complained that the Illinois Indians, though they crossed a river a league wide travelling north, had no concept of the canoe. He had his Shawnee companion teach them, so that the Illinois might guide him down the course of the "Misseppi" to California (?) or Vir-

ginia (?).

The type of wood used by the Shawnees was the birch-bark of Canada. and north-eastern United States. Elm and black-oak were other barks used. The measurements depended on the length saved in stripping off the bark. Ten feet would serve a hunting party of two; thirty-five feet, a scalping party of twenty. First the rough outside bark was removed, and the inner-bark shaped. The rims, gunwales, and ribs, generally of white ash, were laced together by bark thread and splints. The symbolic blotches now widely imitated, were more likely a neat piece of bark, laced in and pitchdaubed; just a necessary mending job. Paint would not have lasted a season at dock, which consisted in weighing down the canoe with rocks, and leaving it at the bottom of a shallows. Canoe-making was often woman's work; two of the more marriageable young squaws could complete a canoe in four days.

When white men began exploring the hunting grounds of inner America, a favorite mode of transit was the Indian birch-bark. Champlain, La Salle, Marquette, Jolliette, Lewis and Clarke and others used canoes in the Great Lakes, Mississippi, Missouri, and Columbia areas, with lasting effects at least on the history of canoeing. White men became paddlers. All things considered, the able seamen of Europe took to the spruce paddles like a boy scout in quest of a merit badge; there were, however, some reverses.

On the Lewis and Clarke expedition. there was near tragedy at a hazardous point on the Columbia, when the men lost confidence in the canoes as they struck rapid currents and began to leap into the water. The day was saved by the example of Sacajawea, the "birdwoman," who sat in the back of her canoe, her papoose in her arms, reaching out to catch the supplies from the other canoes as they floated by. Nicolet, a protege of Champlain, was drowned when his canoe was swamped in the Ottawa river. He had learned all the Indian customs and sciences, was even initiated into a tribe, but he had not learned how to swim.

Except for the non-swimmers, all classes of whites were soon using the canoe for fishing, trading, hunting, and transportation. In parts of Canada, even today, a boy will pole your belongings up the river in a canoe, for a stated price. Canadians developed a light wooden canoe to replace the birchbark (the C. 1, in the Olympics) while in the United States, canvas was preferred. Since the war the Gruman Company of New York, makers of Hellcats, have designed an aluminum canoe,

which is much preferred in hunting. Last winter a moose-hunter crossed a half-thawed river, paddling the canoe while in water, and using it as a skid under the five-hundred pounds of moose while crossing the ice.

But earlier, more than Hellcats, the fur trade did much for the cause of canoeing. The Voyageurs, or fur-traders, are a romantic tradition, like chivalry. Their songs and stories, customs and superstitions, their joyousness and their faith, are still to be found along the old trade routes of Canada. Typical is the story of how a group of them came to New York to be the hired "partners" of John Jacob Astor. They portaged over from Lake Champlain, and muscled swaggeringly down the Hudson in such a riot of color, song, and shouting, that the Dutch farmers along the shore thought they were being attacked by Indians. Later, when manning Astor's ship, the Tonquin, relations became so strained with the English captain, that he abandoned them on islands off the coast of South America.

Thence, lest we go afield, let us leap to the Thames, where in 1865, John MacGregor built a canoe named the Rob Roy, and instituted canoe cruising as a sport in England. It is a decked craft, modelled on the kayak; having, of course, a larger "well" or opening, and is propelled by a double-bladed paddle. This is the common canoe in Europe—the K-1 in racing.

The sport "took," in England, and in 1870 the Royal Canoe Club was founded, with Edward VII, Prince of Wales, as the first Commodore. Of some assistance to His Highness was MacGregor. The purpose of the club was to promote cruising among the members. Besides a periodical, The Canoeist, several books publicized and

encouraged the excursions. The Rob Roy was celebrated on the Danube, Jordan, Nile, Seine, Norwegian fjords, and in "1000 Miles in a Canoe."

On the Jordan, MacGregor scarcely nosed out of the sea of Galillee. In 1940 the full trip, one-hundred and ninety rough miles to the Dead Sea, was made by his countryman John Whiting, in a British rubber canoe. Canoe cruising is now popular in many countries.

In the United States a patriotic cruise was made last summer by Ralph Gray and company, who paddled two-hundred and twenty-five miles up the Potomac to the Capitol. Last year a group of University students traced Father Marquette's historic journey on the Mississippi. Peter Burt, a Canadian ex-G.I., made a six-thousand mile trip by canoe from Victoria on the Canadian west coast to pier 77, Manhattan, New York.

Interested in cruising, but more interested in racing, is the American Canoe Association, founded in 1880. Its first member club was the New York Canoe Club, which dates back to 1870. The Association now comprises clubs from all over the country, gathered in six divisions. Its periodical, the American Canoeist, reports world news in racing, sailing, and cruising, along with official rules.

Its biggest scoop, recently, was canoeracing in the Olympics. Since 1926, canoe associations have belonged to the Amateur Athletic Union, and canoeracing has been included on the Olympic program previously, in 1932, and 1936.

In last year's Olympics, on August 11 and 12, there were nine canoeing events held at Henley-on-Thames. For men there were four races of ten-thousand meters (about six miles) and four one-thousand meter races; there was one five-hundred meter race for women.

Two types of canoes were used: the kayak, made in Finland, Sweden, and Norway; and the Canadian canoe, made by the Petersborough Company of Canada. In both lengths there were single man, and tandem (two man) races.

The United States sent a team of eight men to the Olympics, but no woman representative. The Americans were unaccustomed to the kayaks used. The American "peanut boat," used in races here for thirty years, resembles the kayak, but is made of wood, is heavier, and requires a longer paddle. When the vote decided for kayaks, the Americans reluctantly consented to race in imported Swedish boats, with which they were unfamiliar. This explains their showing in twelfth and thirteenth place.

The Europeans used a "crooked canoe" in the C-1 (Canadian Canoe—single man) races. It is a craft designed purposely off-keel, to eliminate steering, and has long been illegal in the United States and Canada. Despite this fact, United States won second place, and Canada third.

To qualify for the Olympics, the C-2 must be seventeen feet, three-quarters inches long; thirty-two and three-eighths inches wide; twelve and five-eighths inches deep, and must weigh sixty-six pounds. The man who had this most in mind last year was Stephen Lysac, of the Yonkers Canoe Club, because Stephen was hand-carving his own canoe for the Olympic races. None of the thirteen United States companies made such a craft.

Stephen Lysac, and his partner, Stephen Macknowski, won the C-2 tandem trials at Lake Sebago, New York, and at Washington, D. C. They then went to the Olympics, and brought home one more Olympic championship crown.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (24)

E. A. Mangan

The Gifts Possessed by Adam and Eve

Problem: Do the gifts of justice, integrity and immortality, which Adam and Eve possessed before they fell into sin, and which would have been transmitted to the whole human race if they had not fallen, presuppose the possession of great mental powers either developed or latent?

Solution: First of all, let us list the special gifts that God gave to Adam and Eve, and took away only after their fall into sin:

- 1. They had the gift of original justice, which means sanctifying grace. This would have been transmitted to all their descendants if they had not fallen into sin.
- 2. They had preternatural gifts which rendered their human nature as perfect as possible, though it left it still a human nature which could deviate from perfection as it did in the fall.
- 3. They had the gift of dominion over animals, which meant that all animals would obey them without reluctance. This was taken away as a result of their sin, and was not restored to human beings by Christ's redemption.
- 4. They had the gift of integrity, which may be defined as freedom from disordered concupiscence or from conflict between the lower and higher nature. This was lost and never returned to the race.
- 5. They had the gift of impassibility, which means that Adam and Eve, (the only ones who possessed it) were never made to suffer any physical pain and had all the means for a perfectly blissful life. This would have been transmitted to the whole human family except for original sin.
- 6. They had the gift of immortality, i.e., through special means God made it unnecessary for them to die unless they fell into sin. This would have been given to all human beings but for original sin.
- 7. They had the gift of wonderful knowledge. In Adam and Eve, this meant great strength of the faculty of reason, freedom from the obstacles to knowledge, viz., prejudice and disordered concupiscence, and it meant the direct infusion of special knowledge from God. If this gift had been transmitted, we would have received all except the infused knowledge given to our first parents. Whether God would have granted any infused knowledge to the descendants of Adam and Eve would have depended on His free choice.

The question is whether this last gift would have meant that every member of the unfallen race would have possessed intellectual powers surpassing or even equalling those of the greatest intellects of historical times. It need not be supposed that it would have been so. In an unfallen race, the need of speculative and practical geniuses would not have been great because of the many other gifts it would have possessed as listed above. What the exact nature of our knowledge would have been cannot be known.

The Battle that Saved the World

One of the turning points of all Christian history is here dramatically described. The lesson of the spiritual forces that decided the issue is good for our day.

H. J. O'Connell

FOUR CENTURIES ago, just as at the present time, the shadow of a monstrous, evil eastern power hung threateningly over Christendom. In those days, it was not mention of the name of Russia, but of the Turks which struck men's hearts cold with fear. Ever since Mohammed, in the seventh century, had aroused the wild tribes of the desert with his preaching of war and conquest in the name of Allah, Islam had been besieging Europe. Although beaten back from time to time in historic battles, the Crescent had, nevertheless, steadily advanced and extended its borders. On the west, it had surged through Spain, and knocked at the gates of France. On the East, the Moslems had reached Vienna, and made the heart of Hungary a Turkish province. There was constant danger that the whole of Europe would be engulfed under the Mohammedan flood.

Their fleet galleys roamed the Mediterranean, and terrible was the fate of the Christians who fell into their hands. The lucky ones were those who died. The living were dragged away to be sold as slaves, or doomed to heartbreaking, hopeless toil in the sunless depths of a galley.

Cities of the coast were plundered; churches desecrated and destroyed. Men tortured, women dragged off to the unspeakable degradation of the slave-mart and the harem. Not even the children escaped. Those not slain were taken to be educated in the religion of the Prophet, and taught to hate

the race from which they had sprung. Indeed, these children of Christians became the terrible Janizaries, most effective of all the Sultan's warriors.

By the middle of the sixteenth century, the Ottoman empire had reached the height of its splendor and power. The Sultan, Suleyman the Magnificent, dreamed of new conquests, and even of crushing Christianity by the capture of Italy and Spain. Though Suleyman died in battle, his aggressive policy was carried on, under the inspiration of warloving advisers, by his cruel and degraded son, Selim the Sot. Matters came to a crisis when the Turkish fleet appeared off the island of Cyprus, the last bulwark of Christendom in the east, and laid siege to the city of Nicosia.

Fortunately, at the time the throne of Peter was occupied by a man who combined personal holiness with courage, breadth of vision, and tireless energy. While the nations of Europe, blind to their common danger, were pursuing their petty rivalries and intrigues, some of them even allying themselves with the Turks against their Christian neighbors, the Pope, Pius V, recognized the imminence of the peril and tried to rouse the countries to meet it. His ambition was to form all the Christian Powers, Spain, Venice, France, Germany, Portugal, Poland, and even Russia, into one great coalition to crush the Turkish aggression forever. In spite of ceaseless efforts, he could rely only on Spain and Venice, whose possessions were actually threatened by the Turks.

After lengthy negotiations, which seemed likely to be broken off again and again because of the self-interest, jeal-ousy, and mistrust of the Spaniards and Venetians, on May 27, 1571, a league was concluded between Spain, Venice, and the Papal States. Each was to contribute a certain number of ships, and to bear a share of the expenses. Command of the expedition was given to the celebrated Don Juan of Austria, half-brother of Philip II. Marcantonio Colonna, admiral of the papal fleet, was named as his assistant.

After gathering at the harbor of Messina, on September 30, 1571, the Christian armada put to sea. Scouts brought the news that the Turks were at Lepanto, in the Gulf of Corinth, and Don Juan directed his force to proceed against them.

On the morning of October 7th, the two mighty fleets, one under the sign of the Cross, the other under the standard of the Sultan, confronted one another. They were of fairly equal proportions. The Turks had 286 galleys, 750 cannon, 34,000 soldiers, 13,000 sailors, and 41,000 galley-slaves. The Christians had 208 galleys, 6 great galleys, or galleons, 1,800 cannon, 30,000 soldiers, 12,900 sailors, and 43,000 rowers.

Battle was joined about noon, under a cloudless sky. The Moslems, with the huge galley of their commander, Ali Pasha, in the center, advanced in a great crescent. The Christians, with Don Juan in the center, standing under the banner of the Crucified, which had been blessed by the Pope, came in a long arc to meet them. At that moment, as though a sign from heaven, the wind, which had at first favored the Turks, shifted to the West, and sped the Christian galleys to the shock.

A Mussulman ship fired the first shot. Then the six great Venetian galleons, stationed in the front of the line, loosed a frightful blast from their 264 cannon, which disorganized the enemy formation.

Soon the sea was filled with tiny islands-ships lashed two and three together. For naval fighting was still in those days chiefly a matter of hand to hand combat. As the ships closed in, the decks were raked with cannon fire. At the moment of impact, men leaped from one ship to the other. The clang of sword on shield, the rattle of musketry, the screams of the wounded, hoarse shouts of savage anger, mingled in a tremendous crescendo of sound. Over decks slippery with blood, across the prostrate bodies of the dead and dying, the battle raged, while from overhead clouds of arrows poured from the shrouds.

The Spaniards on the right, guarding the open sea, sustained the heaviest attack. They were opposed by a cunning old sea-dog, Aluch Ali, who first tried to flank the Christian fleet, and then, as a gap opened in the line, sped through to take the Spanish galleys on the side and rear. Within an hour all the soldiers on ten of the Spanish vessels were dead. But the rest fought doggedly on, waiting for help to come.

On the left, the Venetians were fighting more successfully against the foe, even though their leader, Barbarigo, had fallen, pierced through the eve by an arrow.

However, it was in the center that the engagement was decided. The galleys of the two commanders, distinguished by their huge standards, bore directly down upon each other. For two hours they were locked together in a struggle that meant either victory or death. On Ali Pasha's ship were five hundred

picked Janizaries. Don Juan had the best of the Spanish veterans. Twice the Turkish warriors reached the mainmast of the Spanish galley. Twice they were beaten back. The situation of the Christians was growing desperate, as their number steadily dwindled, while reinforcements were poured into the Moslem ship from nearby galleys. At this critical moment a shout of triumph went up from the Christians, as the vessel of the Marquis of Santa Cruz suddenly appeared through the smoke, bringing help.

Two hundred reserves were rushed aboard Don Juan's Real, and with their aid the Spaniards drove the enemy back, and invaded their ship. Three times the Christians charged, and three times in their turn were repulsed. While the issue was still in doubt, the ball of a Spanish arquebus laid low the Turkish admiral, Ali Pasha. A Spaniard leaped upon the body, and cut off its head. which was impaled upon a long pike, and held up for all to see. Terrified by the loss of their commander, the rest of the Mohammedans were swept into the sea. Over the Turkish ship was hoisted the banner of the Cross.

As the shouts went from ship to ship that Ali Pasha was dead, a panic seized upon the followers of the Prophet. Their center broke; their right wing gave way; and Aluch Ali on the left was forced to think of his own safety and retire. As the crimson sun set upon the blood-red sea, the remnant of the Turkish fleet was in full flight, followed by the Christians, who pursued until night and the coming of a storm forced them to desist.

In the battle, the Turks had lost 224 vessels, of which 130 were captured, and 94 sunk or burned. Close to 25,000 of their men had been killed, and 5,000 captured. Moreover, 10,000 Christian

captives were set free. On their side, the Christians lost twelve galleys, and had 10,000 slain, including those who later died of their wounds. The Ottoman power in the Mediterranean was broken forever.

During all the time that the Christian armada was at sea, Pope Pius V waited anxiously for news of the outcome of the battle. Not satisfied with his part in the preparation of the fleet, he made use of every spiritual means within his power to insure victory. The Cardinals were instructed to fast and give alms in order to obtain by penance the mercy of God. Devotions were ordered in all the churches of Rome, and in the monasteries day and night the religious held extraordinary hours of prayer. In all this, the Pope himself gave the example. He fasted three days in the week, and spent many hours every day upon his knees.

On the afternoon of the battle, the Pope was conducting some important business with one of his officials. Suddenly, he broke off the conversation, rose to his feet, opened a window, and stood looking up to heaven, as though rapt in contemplation. Then, turning around, with his face radiant with joy, he made the astonishing statement: "This is no time for business. Go and thank God; for our fleet has just won the victory over the Turks." Two weeks later, a messenger arrived, confirming the Pope's utterance.

On the first Sunday of October, the very day of the battle, the Confraternities of the Rosary were holding in Rome their usual devotions. Pius V firmly believed that it was through Our Lady that the victory had been obtained. To commemorate the event, he ordered that every year the anniversary of the battle should be celebrated as the feast of Our Lady of Victory. Later

on the title was changed to the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, which is still observed today on the seventh of October.

Though the power of the Moslems was broken at Lepanto, at the present time there is again danger that Christendom may be engulfed by an evil tide from the east. Surely, then, there is striking significance in the fact that when Our Lady appeared at Fatima

in 1917, foretelling the peril from Russia, and the eventual conversion of that country, if men would turn back to God, she called herself The "Queen of the Rosary." Just as in the time of Lepanto, when Pius V reigned on the throne of Peter, so today, when his successor, Pius XII, occupies the Papal Chair, the hope of the Christian world lies in Our Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary.

Alibis

From Christian Action come the following thought-provoking alibis for not going to the movies:

- 1. I was made to go too often when I was young
- 2. Nobody ever speaks to me at the movies.
- 3. They always ask for money.
- 4. The theatre manager never calls on me and invites me to attend his theatre.
- 5. People who go to the movies are hypocrites; they never live up to what they see on the screen.
 - 6. I get more out of my lodge
 - 7. There is so much fighting between the movie houses.
 - 8. Sunday is the only day I have for my family.
- 9. The pictures they show are never down to earth; they never touch my immediate problems.
 - 10. I can be just as good whether I attend the movies or not.

 Anybody recognize the alibis?

Epitaph Department

In St. Michael's cemetery, Coventry, England, can be seen the following appropriate inscription over the grave of a celebrated fencing master:

To the memory of Mr. John Parkes
A native of this city.
He was a man of mild disposition
A gladiator by Profession;
Who after having fought 350 battles
In the principal parts of Europe
With honor and applause,
At length quitted the stage,
Sheathed his sword,
And with Christian resignation
Submitted to the Grand Victor
In the 52nd year of his age.
Anno Domini 1733

Saigon

Picture of an exotic far eastern metropolis, where a non-practicing Catholic is a rarity.

C. Dubart

SAIGON, exotic city of the Orient; Saigon, city of violent contrasts; Saigon, jam-packed with its population of 1,200,000 people; Saigon, which, according to some, enjoys the very enviable reputation of being one of the two clean cities of the Orient. (Bangkok is the other.)

If the reader knows as little about the Far East as did the writer before his travels in this area, he will want to know where in the world is this city with the French name. On the southern tip of the China continent, along the eastern coast, is a land which is designated Indo-China. The natives do not like this designation; for them, there are five distinct countries, which we customarily lump together under the name of "Indo-China". These countries are: Tonkin, Annam, Laos, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. The French consider the entire area as their possession. At present, you occassionally read accounts in American newspapers of guerilla warfare in Indo-China. This is a reaction against French rule. But more about that later.

What has all this to do with Saigon? Well, Saigon is the principal city of Cochin-China in the south; a commercial center of large proportions, a city whose docks seem always filled with ships from all parts of the world. And this, even though to reach the port of Saigon, ships must travel from the South China Sea some forty miles up the twisting, squirming, meandering Saigon River.

Our problem is that of selecting material out of the mass in this necessarily limited description of Saigon. Books could be written about it, and they would be interesting pages, too.

Shall we begin with a word about the war here in Indo-China? This is surely no attempt to decide the issues at stake. After all, we are no John Gunthers who can pontificate on the affairs, not of nations merely but of whole continents, after paying them a brief visit.

There is a war going on in Indo-China, and there are frequent enough incidents in Saigon itself, principally at night. Outside the confines of Saigon, travel is accomplished by bus convoys, and there are several instances of such convoys being stopped and destroyed. There are those who say the guerilla warfare against the French is Communist-inspired, and that that is all there is to it.

Others have a different version. A well-informed, apparently qualified Annamite, with whom we spoke, outlined this other version. He said that there is a legitimate resistance movement against the French, because of what they consider intolerable servitude, and that this resistance antedated any interference on the part of the Communists. He admitted the presence of Communists in the movement now, and that their assistance is accepted by some as necessary. But the Communists, he insisted, are in the minority, and when the Annamites have made use of them to achieve their aims, they will discard them and drive them out. Among their aims is the setting up of a Commonwealth of Nations among the five countries which now comprise Indo-China under the mere paternalism of France.

We reminded our informer that other peoples had sought to use Communists for a time, then discard them, only to find out too late that the Communists were using them instead. But it was quite interesting to hear this pleading of the resurgent Annamites' cause, presented by one of their own. Where all the justice of the matter lies, we, visitors of ten days' duration in Saigon, would hesitate to say. However, one wonders whether there will ever be a settling of the issues, and whether the present guerilla warfare conditions will not be the permanent state of the country. That is, unless some greater catastrophe engulfs Indo-China in its wake.

That warfare exists in Indo-China there can be no doubt. Even in Saigon, there is sufficient evidence of that fact. At night, in the Redemptorist Monastery, we can clearly hear the larger guns booming in the distance, and small arms fire not very far away.

But here we have been writing about Indo-China. However, to understand Saigon as it is today, it is necessary to appreciate the problems which beset all of Indo-China.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that we steamed into the harbor at Saigon. Our ship was to remain moored to a buoy in the Saigon River, until some of the cargo had been unloaded. We were surrounded by small native craft, a few tugs, larger barges and ocean-going vessels at the docks. The life of the river flowed endlessly around us. People made their homes in the barges that swarmed in all directions. These were their homes, their living rooms, and parlors, and kitchens, and bedrooms, and their means of subsistence. Anything thrown over the side of the ship - empty tin cans, boxes, debris - anything was eagerly fished out of the water, smelt, and then put aside for future use.

In every direction, one could see the small native skiffs moving up and down

the river. It was interesting to watch the native method of propelling these skiffs. Usually two would propel, one at the bow, the other at the stern; they remain standing, using a pushing motion with long, straight, narrow blades. The body is kept stiff while shoving, yet there is a peculiar rhythm used by the men, women and children rowers, as they step forward for their stroke.

Soon we were able to watch, at the closest possible quarters, a black market in operation. And it was operating for some time before we understood what business was in progress. Hardly had our ship been moored, when it literally swarmed with natives of all sizes and ages. Some of them approached us at the stern of the ship and tried to persuade us to give or sell them cigarettes. They were paying exorbitant prices in Indo-Chinese currency. Our first thought was that they were stevedores come to unload the ship.

On one side of the river was what seemed to be the modern town of Saigon, with European buildings, piers, large ships, etc. Not far away, rose the spires of Saigon's Catholic Cathedral. On the other shore, a number of natives were gathered at what appeared to be a favorite rendezvous spot.

The reason for the rendezvous soon became apparent. There was a huge black market movement afoot, or shall we say "afloat", and our ship was the source of supplies. Many of the crew members were selling cigarettes at an exorbitant profit. The ship was overrun with native agents. Many of them were discharging their purchases over the rail, into small craft from the shore, and principally from our end of the ship until we chased them forward of No. 5 Hatch. Small craft would dart out from the shore, about three hundred yards away, approach the side of the ship, and catch

whole boxes, some huge sugar sacks full of cigarettes, and then quickly paddle back to shore, unload their cargo and hide it back in the bushes.

It was a big business. But one wonders what this does to the economy of these nations. The principal blame, of course, falls back on the members of the crew who begin the terrible vicious circle. Our so-called highly civilized countries surely have taught marvelous techniques to foreign populations.

A police patrol boat passed by occasionally, but apparently saw nothing. Perhaps there were beams in the eyes of the occupants of the patrol boat all afternoon. Finally, at about six o'clock in the evening, all these people were chased off the ship. The whole thing could have been nipped in the bud by refusing access to the ship.

During our stay in Saigon, we had occasion to drive through its streets frequently, as we sought to conclude our business, which seemed beset by insurmountable obstacles. Saigon is unique to western eyes. Everyone seems to be in business here. You can buy pop or roasted pig on the streets, or ducks glazed red by the Chinese to make them "attractive". Vendors swarm all around you. And though everyone seems to be in business, there are plenty of buyers.

The streets in Saigon are well paved and quite wide. They must be, to carry the streams of traffic that pour through them. Rickshaws and bicycles are the favorite means of travel, but there are a sufficient number of automobiles, whose horns blare constantly in your ears as they pick their way through the dense traffic. The Lord must have several legions of angels protecting these people in the streets. That is the only possible explanation of how they escape injury and death.

One day, we were involved in an accident. Thank God, there was no more damage done than the smashing up of a bicycle. Our driver set the car down finally over the curb of the side-walk, a few feet from a telephone pole. In a twinkling, we were surrounded by a motley crowd of French soldiers and natives. In Annamite and French, with plenty of gestures thrown in for good measure, they had their explanations of what had happened. Of course, we had to wait for the police, and it was a long wait. The bicycle had been caught under the left front wheel and fender. In preparation for leaving, our driver had backed the car down from the curb.

Then appeared our French gendarme. With a "scrammez vous" and a belligerent glare, he dispersed the crowd, but only for a moment. With the pontifical air of a Supreme Court Justice, he wanted to know what had happened. It was necessary to reconstruct the scene of the crime. So at the risk of damaging the car, and wrecking completely the bicycle, if it was not wrecked already, he ordered the driver to crash through again to his original position after the accident. Then he made his lordly decision. At least, that is what we suppose happened. Because there was a flurry of writing down of names and numbers and addresses, and then we were off.

Many would not consider the following important, but a true picture of Saigon would be impossible without a word about the ardent religious life led by the Catholic Annamites. Saigon itself is rich in Catholic traditions of martyrdom. At several places in the city are erected monuments on the ground where the martyrs made their supreme sacrifice. One of the Redemptorist Fathers here told us that there have been about 90,000 martyrs in Indo-China's religious

history. Catholics, however, still form a small minority of the population of Indo-China, being about two million in a total of twenty-six million.

But from what we could observe, those who are Catholics are complete Catholics. Again, we were told that there was scarcely such a thing as a non-practicing Annamite Catholic. They have many large and beautiful churches here in Saigon, and they believe in using their churches. There are always numbers of worshippers to be found in church. They believe in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist, and so they visit Him. They come often, and stay long.

The missionaries here have done their work thoroughly. The Annamite Catholics participate in all church ceremonies to a degree which would be considered amazing in the United States. They crowd the churches for all services; they pray as if they really meant it in their congregational prayers; and their singing is something "out of this world" for its beauty and expression.

Apparently, the Catholics make a deep impression on their pagan neighbors. The work of instructing catechumens goes on endlessly with the aid of excellently trained catechists. Recently, at a mission conducted by Redemptorist Fathers in one of the churches of Saigon, one hundred and twenty converts were won to the Catholic Faith.

Vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life are bountiful. So we may hope and pray that perhaps the day will come when Annamite missionaries will travel to America and to Europe to convert those lands.

Alternate Audience

Wendell Phillips, the noted abolitionist, had unusual power over audiences, even when they were hostile. The story is told that once in Boston, a hostile audience yelled and sang and completely drowned out his voice when he began speaking on his favorite theme. Phillips made no attempt to continue speaking to the audience, but bent over and seemed to be speaking in a low tone to the reporters who were seated near the platform. The curiosity of the audience was excited; they stopped their clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at the crowd and said quietly:

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to 30 million."

Not a voice was raised again.

Order in the Kitchen

In an official handbook of the United States Civil Service Commission listing various minor federal officials, one such employee of the government is described as follows:

"A supervisory employee who, together with the chief cook and a meat cutter maintains discipline in the kitchen."

Why not dispense with the chief cook? Seems to us a good sturdy meat cutter should be sufficient for the purpose.

The Angels and Christ

Because He was to be the only Redeemer of mankind, Christ permitted His angels to play but a small part in His human life.

R. J. Miller

OUR LORD could have made short work of His enemies during His life by simply commanding and sending the angels—"His angels," as He called them—to destroy the evil-doers. In fact, He one day predicted that this is exactly what He is going to do at the end of the world:

The Human Being shall send His angels, and they shall gather up every harmful thing out of His kingdom, and every evil-doer.

During His life, too, whenever He spoke of the angels it was with the ease and familiarity, the calm assurance, of a master speaking of His servants. He even said on one occasion:

Do you think I am unable to ask My Father, and have Him send Me instantly more than twelve legions of angels?

No other human being ever talked about the angels the way this Human Being did. And no other human being, speaking of the angels with the unconscious ease and power of this One, would have been able like Him so consistently to abstain from using this extraordinary power.

For it is not merely the Human Being's consciousness of power over the angels that is striking in His personality; what is completely unique and almost baffling is the way He refrained from making the slightest show or dramatic staging of His ability to command the mighty warriors of heaven.

In this regard, there is a remarkable difference between His relation to the

angels at the end of the world, as He predicted it, and His relation to them during His life on earth. At the end of the world, when He will be sending them to the uttermost ends of the earth to do His bidding, it will be a matter of "Christ and the angels"; but during His life, the relation is rather "the angels and Christ."

In connection with His incarnation and infancy, of course, they did have very important offices to perform. And after His resurrection and ascension they were at the center of the stage again. But during His public life there are only two occasions when they appear on the scene to assist Him in any way whatever, and both times they come unbidden as far as He is concerned.

St. Luke describes the Annunciation:

The angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel being come in, said to her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women

The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And thus that holy thing which is to be born of thee shall be known for the Son of God.

"The angel Gabriel": his name means "the power of God," and St. Thomas Aquinas says he is the chief of all the heavenly spirits in the choir of the archangels. His being chosen for this all-

important mission from heaven to earth is therefore eminently suited to his rank and his name. The archangels as a choir have the office of bringing unusual, exceptional messages, light, help to men; and the highest of them all brought the most glorious message that ever came to men.

The power of the Most High shall overshadow thee

was the way in which this glorious message was to be accomplished; so "the power of God" was the archangel chosen to bring this annunciation of the power of the Most High from "God, to a city of Galilee, to a Virgin whose . . . name was Mary."

Nor should we picture "the power of God" as coming unattended on that embassy of international and everlasting import. When earthly rulers send ambassadors to foreign capitols on important matters, the accounts in the history books may say that "the King sent his cousin the Archduke to the court of Spain," but the Archduke did not travel, and did not enter the court of Spain, alone. His mission and his rank demanded a retinue of servants, assistants, and noble company.

Neither did St. Gabriel come alone to Nazareth. Our Lady may not have seen them, they may not have been visible to mortal eyes as was the "multitude of the heavenly army" that appeared to chant the glories of the Saviour's birth to the shepherds at Bethlehem; but they were there all the same. Angels and archangels, principalities and powers, virtues, dominations and thrones, seraphim and cherubimall the nine choirs were present as reverent attendants and onlookers, forming the very court of "the power of God" at this fateful moment in the history of the human race.

Their divine King was to sue for human nature. St. Gabriel, the King's ambassador, was to beg a Jewish Maiden to allow God to become man. It was a sublime moment for the human race, yes; but to the angels it was a new and marvelous revelation of the immeasurable depths of graciousness in their adorable Lord. And so they hovered awe-struck and silent in their millions as St. Gabriel spoke in the name of "the power of God." And when, after her moment of fear, and her moment of humble straightforward questioning, she did give her consent,

Behold the handmaid of the Lord; Be it done unto me according to thy word.

their exultant outburst of wonder and gratitude and glory, though unheard by human ears, must have rivaled and surpassed the hymn of glory they were to sing at Bethlehem for the shepherds on Christmas night.

"For the shepherds": does it not seem strange that they sang for the shepherds, and not for the Holy Family, on Christmas night? There is no record in the Gospel that Jesus and Mary and Joseph saw the angels or heard their Christmas song. For although we love to place the figures of singing angels above the mangers in our churches at Christmas time, and it is completely in keeping with Christian feeling that we do so, the actual record in the Gospel story is that they appeared only on the hills far away in the open country, where there were

shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flocks.

In fact, the very wording of the angel's message to the shepherds seems to indicate that there would be no angels to be seen in the cave of Bethlehem. The sign he gave them to identify the new-born Saviour of the world was not that on their entrance to the cave they would find "the brightness of God shining round about them," and hear "a multitude of the heavenly army praising God" and singing. No; the "sign" was one of lonely poverty, desertion, abandonment.

This shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

No lights, no music, no warmth, no heavenly glory; only a little Baby looking like any other new-born babe, except that this One would be "laid in a manger!"

But our instinct to fill our Christmas cribs with soft-colored lights, to have sweet music playing in the background, and the figures of angels hovering overhead, is perfectly genuine. There were angels there, even if the shepherds, even if Mary and Joseph, could not see them. The place may have been cold and silent, dirty and ill-smelling and lonely—and it was—but there was warmth and music more than this world could give in the hearts of Mary and Joseph; and the invisible angels had their share in the supernatural joy that filled those faithful, loving hearts.

No doubt, however, the angels would have loved to appear in the cave at Bethlehem as well as on the shepherds' hills. They had songs for Jesus, as they had for the shepherds; they would surely have found it heaven to sing their sweetest strains for that little Baby lying in the manger. Why did they keep out of His sight? Why could they sing for the shepherds, and not for Him?

It is a mystery; but a mystery that fits the pattern of all the Human Being's life. The angels had served Him

as the Word of God in heaven. They would serve Him, do His bidding again when His earthly life was past. But during that life, He was to "tread the wine-press alone," to be the one and only Saviour of mankind. We might almost picture Him in heaven, on the eve of His departure for His work on earth, as addressing His angels: "It is My Father's will that I accomplish this work alone. Later, when I am risen, when I have ascended into heaven, and at the end of the world, I will call upon you again. But while I walk the earth as the Human Being, you are to remain in the background. I do not even wish My human eves to see you in visible form; you are to keep out of My sight!"

Whether He expressed His will in these precise terms or not, the fact is that during His earthly life there is no record in the Holy Gospel of the angels appearing to Him except on two occasions—and on both of those occasions they seem to have come rather by way of exception, by a merciful dispensation on the part of His heavenly Father, than as forming part of His ordinary program and work.

Even during His infancy, when they appear in the Gospel at fairly regular intervals, it might be said that they are careful to keep out of His sight—as far, at least, as we can gather from the actual Gospel story. We do not read that they were visible in the cave at Bethlehem; and when they did appear to save His reputation or His life, it was not to Himself, but to faithful, reliable, silent St. Joseph that they delivered their heavenly warnings and words of guidance.

Blessed St. Joseph! So we think when we recall the stories of the angels he so often had for visitors. But while he was undoubtedly a privileged man to be favored with such heavenly company and advice, still the angels' visits did not serve to solve all problems and remove all difficulties in his life. Not at all; in fact, it was almost the opposite. While solving one problem, they left new ones to be solved without their visible aid, by the hard work and sacrifice of blessed, poor St. Joseph!

The angel had told him:

Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt, and stay there until I tell you. For it is going to happen that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.

It was a timely warning from heaven, and it did save the Child's life. But it was far from making matters easy for St. Joseph! It was a warning and an order—nothing more. The actual work of saving the Child's life, by the flight into Egypt, was St. Joseph's work and responsibility.

But where was Egypt? Which road out of Bethlehem would lead him there? And what about funds? How was the flight into Egypt to be financed? And what were they to do when they got there, during the months or years until the angel would come again and tell him they might return?

All this, poor St. Joseph had to attend to himself. His heavenly visitor had not considered it necessary to do more than send him on his way. And if it had been anyone else but St. Joseph, there might have been a little grumbling, and more than a little grumbling, at the new responsibilities and the harsh prospect laid upon him and his precious family.

But St. Joseph did not grumble. He "arose and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt." A few quiet questions were enough to guide him towards the Egypt highway. For money, it has been sug-

gested that perhaps the gold brought by the Magi was a providential "gift" to take care of the first expenses of the journey of the Holy Family, and their settling down in a strange land.

But at the very best, it was a flight full of hardship. The three poor refugees—for they were nothing else—had to travel through rough desert country by themselves; the journey must have taken all of two weeks; as often as not they had to spend the night on the ground in the open air.

And even when they arrived in Egypt, they were strangers in a strange land, and despised Jewish strangers at that; unacquainted with the language and customs of the people, the poorest of the poor (for their gold, if they had it, did not last long in St. Joseph's charitible hands), outcasts and refugees, yes, the patrons and models of all refugees of all times!

But where were the angels all this time? Evidently the distinction of having angels for visitors and counsellors is not an unmixed blessing (as many recipients of such visitations before and since St. Joseph have found to their cost!). Evidently when they come, they come only to bring help that is beyond the reach of man; but not to relieve man of what he can do by himself, however painful and hard!

But despite their silence, the angels were surely not absent during the flight into Egypt. Invisible they were, but most intent, most interested, most exultant in their hymns of praise for every new sign of perfection in the Holy Family. Indeed, they would have been most active in bringing them visible help, saving them pain and trouble, "ministering to them," as later after Our Lord's temptation in the desert they were to have one of their rare privileges of "ministering to Him".

But it was His will that they keep out of His sight; and His will must be obeyed. They knew that He wished to "tread the wine-press alone", and that He alone would be more than a match for sin and Satan and human perversity. They knew too that He had perfect confidence in His immaculate Mother and His sturdy foster Father; that they in their turn would be equal to any responsibility, difficulty, heartache, cross that association with the Human Being might involve.

And so "the angels and Christ" is a picture in the main of marveling, invisible, almost helpless admiration on the part of the angels for the magnificent way in which the Human Being "advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men" and in which He "trod the wine-press alone"; and, during His hidden years, for the perfect cooperation He unfailingly received from His Mother and His foster Father.

The Kings

It is a strange feature of popular piety that devotion to the Three Kings did not take such root in England or our own country as it did in the European countries. In Europe the feast of Epiphany is one of the great feasts of the year, and there are many charming customs centering around the advent of the wise men from the east.

Thus, in some sections of Spain the kings ride into town, richly decked out and laden with presents, to be met by all the inhabitants in holiday mood.

In Italy it is a common practice on the Epiphany to chalk up the names of the kings on the walls of churches and houses—Gaspar, Melchior and Balthassar. This is done with chalk which has been first blessed in church.

In Germany, again, it was a common practice to inscribe their names or initials upon the doorposts of houses.

One proof of their popularity is the fact that in Europe their names are very frequently given to children.

Enforcing The Sabbath

A proclamation issued October 31st, 1787, in the town of Royston, England, had this to say about the proper observance of the Sabbath:

"No person without reasonable excuse shall be absent from some place of Divine Worship on a Sunday—one shilling fine to the poor.

"The constables to go about the town, and particularly the Cross (a tavern) to see that this is complied with, and if they find any number of people assembled together, to take down their names and return these to the Committee that they may be prosecuted.

"No inn-keeper or ale-house keeper shall suffer anyone to continue drinking or tippling in his house—Forfeit 10 shillings and disabled for 3 years.

"Ordered that the Constable go to the public-houses to see that no tippling or drinking is done during Divine Service—and to prevent drunkenness, any time of the day."



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The democratic process of voting was applied, this past November, to a considerable number of issues that are of special interest to Catholics and to all who are concerned about fundamental morality. Before explaining some of these very practical issues, it should be remarked that the ballots of the people can never be a means of determining what is right and wrong according to the natural law. For example, a majority of the citizens of a given area might vote in favor of legalizing certain forms of stealing; stealing would be just as wrong after the vote as it was before. In a more-than-half pagan nation, tens of thousands of whose citizens have rejected God's authority and made expediency the only measure of law, it is to be expected that there will be movements and campaigns to legalize actions that believers in God recognize to be contrary to the objective, universal and unchanging moral law. In such cases defenders of morality have the obligation in conscience to meet the challenge to morality by the use of the same means adopted by those who would make some immoral practice legal, viz., the vote. By voting against a proposal to set aside some natural law, they are not expressing a mere opinion about right and wrong; they are conscientiously defending the public welfare, in the only way possible, from misguided people who possess no moral standards. The latter think that a majority vote makes a thing moral or immoral; the truth is that a vote can no more change the natural law than it can the multiplication table.

A case in point was the referendum offered to the voters of Massachusetts, asking them to decide whether the prescriptions of the General Laws of the State forbidding the advertising, sale, or administering of information or instruments for contraception should be repealed. A terrific campaign to influence voters preceded election day. All the possible arguments of expediency were marshalled by those who favored the legalizing of contraceptive advice and treatment. "Everybody's doing it;" "the health of mothers demands it;" "large families are an unspeakable burden;" "thousands of doctors are in favor of it," etc. Against them stood the Archbishop of Boston and the other Catholic bishops of Massachusetts, many Protestant leaders, a great many physicians and social workers, etc., all of whom rested their case on two arguments: "contraception is forbidden by the natural law of God," and "its legalization would be, as it has always been elsewhere and in the past, fraught with grave social consequences." The people voted on November 2, and by a majority of well over 200,000 votes decided to adhere to the moral and natural law, which had also been the law of the State for generations. Thus Massachusetts still stands alone with Connecticut in outlawing by vote what God has outlawed forever by His authority over human beings. The Planned Parenthood Association of course calls this undemocratic, a fine way of cutting the props from under democracy and paying the way for the fascism of minority rule. Not even democracy is safe in the hands of those who reject God and morality.

In South Carolina, on the contrary, the natural law forbidding divorce and remarriage was "abrogated" at the polls, when a majority vote decreed that the State should no longer adhere to its ancient statute against divorce. It makes no difference that South Carolina was the last State in the union whose civil law conformed to the moral law, as far as the rightness or wrongness of

the decision of the majority of the voters goes. It is very probable, even, that a great many of the voters in South Carolina still believed that divorce and remarriage are wrong, but that they were moved by the example of other States to legalize a morally indefensible practice. "Everybody else does it," they no doubt said to themselves, "we may as well too." The point is that this doesn't change God's law. It will be just as wrong for believers in God in South Carolina to divorce their lawful spouses and make alliances with new ones now that the State law says they may, as it was when the State law forbade it. Voting does not create a natural law, and it cannot abrogate one. And the more men try, and succeed, by voting, to make respectable and legal something that God has forbidden, the more rapidly do they move toward the utter paganism that means abandonment by God. They thus come under the description of St. Paul: "Who, when they knew God, glorified Him not as God, wherefore God gave them up to a corrupt sense, so that . . . they abused their own bodies among themselves." The minority voters in South Carolina on this question, as in all the States of the union, were not strong enough numerically to stop the paganizing process. But what they could not do by votes they have the obligation of trying to do by the uncompromising Christian example of their lives.

An example of a vote that did not have to do with a fundamental natural law, though the issue contained a moral element, was that which was taken in Kansas on the question of whether to repeal the State's 68 year old constitutional amendment banning the possession, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquor. The question here was whether the possible abuses of a thing that is not evil in itself warranted the denial of that thing to the citizens of the State. This is a

validly and highly debatable question. A case can be made for the fact that legal prohibition brings in its wake a great train of evils, in the form of bootlegging, corruption of officials, and dangers to health from inferior contraband. A case can also be made for the fact that the sale of liquor places opportunity for drunkenness within the too easy reach of the weakling. The citizens of Kansas, decided, by vote, to amend their constitution and permit liquor sales in the State. No voter was deciding that drunkenness was not a sin; nor could an intelligent person think that the question was whether liquor is or is not evil in itself. The sole question was whether the public sale of intoxicants would be better for the common welfare than its prohibition. The decision of the majority on that question leaves no intrinsically moral angles dangling.

A legal decision of great importance, not made by voters, was handed down recently in California. It was a State Supreme Court decree which amounted to a repeal of an old California law that forbade the marriage of white persons to Negroes. An authoritative decision was pronounced in the case of Andrea D. Perez, a white woman, and Sylvester S. Davis, a Negro, both of whom are Catholics. The Catholic Interracial Council of Los Angeles sponsored and presented the case to the Supreme Court through its president, attorney Daniel G. Marshall. Writing the court's decision, Justice Roger A. Traynor asserted: "The right to marry is as fundamental as the right to send one's child to a particular school or the right to have offspring." In other words, the basic principle was invoked that marriage is the affair of an individual, and his rights in its regard are inviolable by the State. This is in perfect accord with Christian principle, all the taboos, restraints, prohibitions and statutes that have been raised against it in parts of America notwithstanding.

Signs Of The Times Department

Sign on a grocery store in Manistee, Mich.: "Low prices are born here and raised elsewhere."



Catholic Anecdotes

Good Beginning

In many French Canadian homes there exists a beautiful and ancient custom of a paternal blessing on the family just at the moment of the coming in of the New Year.

Prayers are said shortly before midnight, and at the stroke of twelve the father of the household arises, and extending his hands over the bowed heads of his wife and children, who kneel before him, he says:

"By virtue of the authority which I hold from God, I call down upon you all the blessings of God."

Then tracing a Sign of the Cross over the head of each member of his family, he adds:

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

To which all the others add: "Amen."
Such a home must indeed be blessed, in contrast to those homes where pagan customs are followed, and New Year's day is ushered in with unseemly revelry and drunkenness.

Non-Partisan

St. John Bosco once attended a banquet with some of the leading men of his country and his time. In the course of the meal the usual toasts were drunk, and whether by malice or not, politics were brought into play. A toast was proposed to Victor Emmanuel, one for Cavour, and one for Garibaldi.

Some of those present then called upon Don Bosco to propose a toast, doubtless wondering what side he would declare for in the seething politics of the times.

The saint at first refused, but finally made the following toast:

"Hurrah for King Victor Emmanuel, Cavour and Garibaldi, all of them under the Papal Flag so that they save their souls."

Reason for Living

On the feast of the Assumption in the year 1374 St. Catherine of Siena fell desperately ill, and it seemed to those standing around her bed that she was about to die.

Catherine herself was overjoyed at the thought that she was about to leave this life, and in great peace she was preparing herself to meet Christ when suddenly and surprisingly she passed the crisis and began to get well.

Thereupon Catherine grew very sad, thinking that she would have to remain longer in this vale of tears and sufferings. In her distress she called upon the Blessed Virgin to gain for her the favor of an early entrance into heaven.

In answer to her prayer, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her and showed her in a vision a vast crowd of souls.

"These souls you will save," said the holy Mary, "by suffering longer and in patience the crosses and trials of life."

In an instant Catherine had made her decision.

"All my work and desire," she said, "are in your Son, Jesus, not in me."

And immediately Catherine was cured of her illness, and resumed her ordinary life.



Pointed Paragraphs

The Battle for Homes

The National Association of Real Estate Boards has dug its trenches and taken up battle stations against the possibility that the 81st Congress will carry out the democratic platform and make homes available for the millions of American families who are living in shacks, trailers, garrets, cellars, and in the parlors, kitchens and clothes-closets of their in-laws.

At a meeting of the Secretaries' Council of the Real Estate people held scarcely two weeks after the presidential election, the strategy was blocked out. The spokesman was the organization's chief lobbyist at Washington, and he fired his hearers with renewed zeal and hope, in the face of the fears that the election of Truman awoke.

"Remember," he said dramatically, "that Roosevelt had a democratic Congress in 1938, and asked a billion dollars for public housing. Roosevelt was a pretty smooth operator. But he didn't get the money for housing. There was a democratic Congress in '40, and they didn't get it. In '42 and '44 they didn't get it either. Now is not the time to compromise. Now is the time to get in there and punch!"

He then suggested that all realtors start working at once on their congressmen. That they shower them with praise for any stand they take on any subject unrelated to public housing. That they swamp them with telegrams of protest as soon as the question of housing is raised officially. He oozed confidence when he explained that a nation-wide lobby of 3300 persons

would be putting pressure on Congress with them.

If there ever was a special interest group working against the needs of the country, this is it. There are tens of thousands of American families living in trailers that are no larger than an automobile packing box. There are tens of thousands of young people who cannot get married because they cannot find a place to settle down, or cannot expect to pay in a lifetime the 15 or 20 thousand dollars that are being asked for ordinary dwellings. There are millions of children being brought up in slums, alleys, rubbish heaps and junk yards. Such children are being blighted from the start; they will form a lost generation that knew nothing of the decencies and joys of a normal childhood.

The common good therefore demands that public authority do something about housing. We realize that this may lessen the huge incomes of some private realtors, but there are plenty of other jobs for them to turn a hand to if need be. A childhood spent in a shack cannot be lived over again when parents can finally afford a house for a home; nor can husbands and wives whose first ten years of married life were spent in a trailer at the edge of a city dump go back and live those ten young years over again when they finally get a home.

This is an issue on which we hope a powerful lobby can be licked. This is an issue on which every citizen should consider himself a lobbyist, with a right to exert every bit of pressure he can on his elected representatives.

Proud Record

In the 776 Catholic hospitals in the United States there are 114,728 beds, and 20,735 bassinets for new-born babies. These facilities take care, annually, of some 3,600,000 patients. This is more than 31 per cent of all the patients cared for annually in all the hospitals of the United States.

There are 6276 hospitals of all kinds, government-owned, privately owned, and church related. Thus the Catholic hospitals are only one-eighth of the total number, though they handle three-tenths of all patients. Moreover eleven of the government owned hospitals are operated by religious orders.

Reflection on these figures brings home the fact that much of the care of the sick in the United States is in the hands of persons who are not even tinged with the profit motive; whose work is done solely for the love of God and of their fellow-men. Add to the above figures the fact that some 500,000 out-patients receive medical and nursing attention at Catholic hospital clinics, a large number of them gratis, and the picture becomes even more impressive.

The 25,000 Sisters and Brothers who work in the hospital field are the direct inheritors of the spirit that Jesus Christ manifested in regard to the sick and suffering. If secularism were to liquidate them, the country would be in a very bad way. It is safe to say that their selflessness in behalf of the sick is responsible not only for the care of millions of patients, but for much of the spirit of Christian compassion that keeps the non-religious hospitals going. If Sisters and Brothers were to be forced out of the work, it is almost certain that the whole outlook of the nation on the bodily ills of humanity would

corrupt and decay.

But more are needed. In a limited experience we know of half a dozen communities that are begging for Sisters to come and set up a hospital in their midst. There must be scores of others that we do not know of. Lack of personnel limits the ability of nursing Sisters and Brothers to take over new fields. Instead of 25,000, there should be 50 or 100 thousand representatives of the charity of Christ. There are plenty of Catholic young people on the threshold of life who can find their vocation in this work, and so swell the numbers of workers to meet the need.

Code of the Cinema

A widely publicized film entitled The Walls of Jericho has been making the rounds of the theatres, and although we must confess a total lack of desire to see it, there was one phase of the advertising campaign surrounding it which attracted our notice. A full page spread in a national magazine added up the merits of the picture, found them unbelievably stupendous, and under several photographs of the male and female stars in more or less romantic poses stated as follows:

"What makes this sinful—our love or their malicious tongues?"

"A town can be too small for my kind of love."

"No law . . . no covenant can keep me from him."

"You're all the woman a man like me ever needs."

If one were seeking a commentary on cinema ethics, these four principles might serve as a good beginning. They represent that peculiar outlook on life long fostered by the movie industry, and enshrined in an aura of gold by the unspeakable screen magazines, which someone has aptly characterized

as the "romantic fallacy."

According to this philosophy, carnal love between man and woman is the end-all and be-all of human existence. Such love is a law unto itself and to it all moral considerations are to be subordinated. "Malicious tongues" may wag, but "love" must triumph. A town may be too "small" to realize the beauty of adultery, but it is the town that is wrong, not the adultery. "No law . . . no covenant" must dare to interfere with such love, because such love is the only beautiful thing in life, and "all that a man ever needs."

For years Hollywood has been dishing out this line of hokum, and we use the term advisedly, for two very good reasons.

First, human experience indicates clearly that such love is far from being the only thing necessary for happiness. It may be an important ingredient of human happiness, but it is far from being the most important, and the best proof is the break-up of so many American marriages which started out in the best Hollywood-approved tradition of "romance." Such "romance" doesn't endure, and a happy and successful marriage depends on a number of other factors which the moviemakers customarily ignore.

Secondly, it is a vicious distortion of truth to imply that such romantic love is the last court of appeal, and no law of God or man dare interfere with it. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" still stands as the law of God, Who instituted marriage in the first place, and those who foolishly set themselves against that law will inevitably reap a harvest of unhappiness in this life, not to mention the next, where, as Christ bluntly put it: "The adulterer shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Forgotten Plank

One branch of the complex UN setup is designated as UNESCO. It is composed of leading intellectuals from all over the world, and is designed to attack war at its roots, "in the minds of men," by science, education and propaganda.

At a special convention in Mexico City last year UNESCO voted a budget of \$7,682,637, to be disbursed in an educational program grouped under six main headings: "Man Helping Man to Recover From War," "Man Speaking to Man," "Man Helping Man to Grow in Knowledge," "Man Exchanging With Man the Best He Has," "Men Living Together," "Man Helping Man To Know and Control Nature."

Well, a year has gone by since this ambitious program was launched, and, alas, nobody seems to be paying much attention to UNESCO's earnest and highly intellectual protagonists. Like busy little workmen, they run back and forth, patching up small holes in the dam, presenting a somewhat ridiculous aspect in view of the fact that the entire foundations of the dam seem likely to burst at any time.

If only these earnest intellectuals had the humility to add another heading to their program they would, we think, accomplish much more: "Man Acknowledging God and Humbly Begging His Help."

Fools' Paradise

Pierre Van Paassen was a famous man in his day. He wrote a book entitled "Days of Our Years" which from 1939 to 1941 went through seventeen printings. Everybody (almost) thought that both Mr. Van Paassen and Mr. Van Paassen's book were wonderful. The jacket on the book said that Mr. Van Paassen was "born in the old world, educated in the strict rigor of a young divinity student, and by sheer force of intellectual integrity became a citizen of the wider world and a product of our times." The italics belong to us.

In one of the chapters of his famous book (written in 1939) Mr. Van Paassen has this to say: "There were huge crowds of kulaks sleeping in the streets of Leningrad. They were mostly Ukrainians who were on their way to the forests of Karelia. They were being removed to break up the sullen hostility against Stalin's agrarian reforms. There was an enormous amount of study and reading going on in Russia, splendid theatrical experiments and the spirit of daring and innovation in science and architecture. Step by step, painfully at times, no doubt, the people of Russia were being imbued with a new vision. The difference between Russia and the rest of Europe was that whereas in countries like Germany and Italy culture was on the decline, and the standard of living going down, in Russia it was going up, imperceptibly almost, but going up just the same.

"The Russian army gave me an impression of power and efficiency. The good thing that can be said about Soviet militarism is that the leaders do not glory in their country's military prowess, but that they look upon armaments and all the rest of the killing game as an unavoidable evil. They would much rather devote the wealth that is being produced to the improvement of the people's condition. But the others do not allow them. They must arm because they are menaced from all sides."

This "citizen of the wider world" apparently could see no contradiction between the growing culture of Russia and the march of the Ukrainian farmers into the forests of Korelia to do slave labor under guard. Nor was he very astute in appraising the Russian Soviet outlook on armaments.

Oh, well. There were lots of prophets in those days, none of them major. Not even minor.

Foolish Believers

It has been estimated, by an expert who makes a specialty of such things, that Americans spend well over \$100,000,000 a year on fortune tellers. An equal sum, it is added, goes to horoscope readers, lucky charms, phrenologists, etc.

"For instance," says the expert, "over 10,000,000 Americans carry rabbits' feet in their pockets to put the whammy on bad luck, at a price of ten cents to \$10 per tootsie. And the more particular collectors prefer the feet from rabbits shot at midnight in a graveyard in the dark of the moon. As if that wasn't enough, we have untold millions more who view with suspicion the number 13, walking under ladders, spilling salt, breaking mirrors, and black cats."

What a waste, not only of good money, but of good brains! If people want miracles, why don't they look to the only place they've ever been found: in the rational religious beliefs of the Catholic Church!





EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

HISTORY OF HERESIES

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

2. Heresy of Calvin (Cont.):

Just as Calvinism affected the history of France, so also did it that of the kingdom of Scotland. The perversion of this kingdom had its origin in a Scotsman named Knok, or Knox, an apostate priest and a dissolute man. John Knox had at first been a Lutheran. He became a member of the Calvinist sect following a visit to Geneva where he struck up a close friendship with Calvin. There he became so imbued with the spirit of Calvinism that he promised the Geneva heretic that he would sacrifice everything to implant his heresy in Scotland. He left Geneva with this intention and returned to his native country to await the favorable moment to put his plans into execution. The occasion soon presented itself.

Henry VIII, king of England, had been striving to induce his nephew, James V, king of Scotland, to join him in his schism from the Roman Church. He asked Tames to meet with him on a determined day to confer about this matter. James excused himself under different pretexts, and Henry regarded this refusal as so insulting that he declared war upon him. James assembled his army and put it under the command of one of his favorites, Oliver Sinclair. Since the latter, however, was of low birth, the nobility refused to obey him. and as a result the battle was lost and King James died in shame.

The prince left an infant daughter, then only eight days old, who was to become the famous and unfortunate Mary Stuart. The minority of the queen afforded the impious Knox the

opportunity for which he had been waiting to spread his Calvinism. Unfortunately for the kingdom of Scotland, the impious doctrine of this heretic met with such triumph that he succeeded in having the Catholic religion banned in Scotland.

Henry VIII immediately demanded the betrothal of the young princess, heiress to the throne of Scotland, to his son, the prince of Wales, later to become king Edward VI. Though Edward was but five years old at the time, this demand occasioned the birth of two parties in Scotland. James Hamilton, count of Arran, who had become a power in the kingdom and named governor of the country, was won over to the side of Henry by Knox, who had succeeded in infecting him with Calvinism. The count maintained that he preferred to satisfy the king of England because a union of the two countries would put an end to all wars. On the other hand, David Beton, archbishop of St. Andrew and later a Cardinal, opposed with all his power the marriage of the princess with the son of Henry, on the grounds that Scotland would then become but a province of the kingdom of England. The underlying reason, however, for the archbishop's opposition was that of most Scottish Catholics, namely, the damage which would result to the Catholic religion, for if such a marriage were made Scotland would be won over to the English schism.

Meanwhile, the governor, who favored the heretics, permitted the Calvinists to spread their errors and to conduct their prayer-meetings whether in public

or privately. The archbishop opposed this concession, but the Calvinists rose up against him, cast him into prison, and promised Queen Mary to the English prince. The promise, however, could never be kept, for before the princess could be spirited off to England. the Archbishop, with the consent of the queen-mother, Mary of Lorraine, sister of the Duke of Guise, offered the hand of Mary to Francis I for the Dauphin, his grandson, the son of Henry II. The king of France agreed to the proposition and immediately sent a sizeable corps of troops into Scotland. The Calvinists were filled with fear at this turn of events, and thus the queen-mother was given every opportunity of sending her daughter to France. She actually carried out her design in 1548, when Mary was seven years of age, sending her to France to be educated at the court of Henry II, whose son, Francis II, she would espouse in due time. The marriage was concluded after the death of Francis I and Henry II, but the union was soon dissolved by the untimely death of the king, who left no posterity.

Nothing was left for Queen Mary but to return to Scotland where she found religious affairs in a deplorable state. The archbishop had been assassinated, and in the resulting uprising the rebels had demolished churches and forced the queen-regent to grant freedom of worship to Calvinism. Mary consecrated all her efforts to reinstating the Catholic religion in the States. In 1568 she espoused Lord Darnley. He was shortly afterward murdered by Count Bothwell in his own palace and left only one son, who later became James VI. Bothwell, stricken with love for the queen, carried her off to a chateau where he forced her to become his wife.

Upon hearing of this the Calvinists

rose up against Mary, whom they detested as an enemy of their sect. They accused her of plotting the death of her husband so that she might marry his murderer. Bothwell, himself, however, denied this shortly before his death in Denmary. But the Calvinists took up any pretext to persecute the queen. They finally succeeded in forcing her to abdicate the throne in favor of her son.

Despite her formal abdication, however, Mary was kept in prison until her plight moved a group of men to afford her the dubious privilege of flight. Casting about hurriedly for a place of refuge. Mary chose to flee to England to Queen Elizabeth, whom she mistakenly regarded as a sister. Elizabeth, however, was interested only in herself and her own power. Though outwardly she received Mary amicably, she was secretly jealous of her and the threat she posed to her own power. It was not long before Mary was once more in prison. Though many of her former subjects endeavored to free their queen, Elizabeth contrived to have Mary brought to trial before a prejudiced court for the murder of her husband. Finally, after 19 years of captivity, Mary Stuart was condemned to die upon the scaffold. Upon hearing the sentence, the intrepid and pious princess resigned herself to the divine will. When the fatal day, Feb. 18, 1587, arrived, Mary asked for a confessor that she might receive absolution. This last consolation was refused her, however, and instead of a confessor, a heretic was sent to 'console' her. It is said that in this extremity she received Holy Communion at her own hand, having preserved a consecrated particle with the authorization of Pope Pius V.

When Mary was being led to the scaffold, she beheld Melville, her chamberlain, and smiling at him, she ex-

The Liguorian

claimed: "My dear Melville, when I shall have ceased to live, tell my son that I died in the Catholic faith; tell him that, if he has any love for his mother and himself, he will not permit any other religion in his kingdom. Tell him to have confidence in God, and God will aid him. I embrace this death with good heart for the faith."

The death of Mary Stuart horrified the world and moved all to compassion. Even this, however, did not prevent Elizabeth from continuing her persecution of Catholics and from adding new martyrs to those of the early Church. James VI, king of Scotland, ignored the last counsels of his mother. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth he became king of both England and Scotland, assuming the title of King of Great Britain. He commanded all Catholic priests to leave the kingdom under pain of death.

Thus was Calvinism instrumental, not merely in bringing about the demise of the kingdom of Scotland, but also in plunging countless souls into ruin.

The Evidence

Shrines Throughout the World Where Miraculous Deeds have Taken Place for Which Science Has No Explanation: The Cure of Cancer and Other Supposedly Incurable Diseases; The Return of Sight to the Blind Whose Eyes Were Organically Destroyed; The Raising of the Dead to Life, etc.:

Fatima in Portugal

Lourdes and La Salette in France

The Shrine of the Black Virgin in Poland

Walsingham in England

Perpetual Help in Italy (Rome)

Elwangen in Germany

Guadalupe in Mexico

St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada

Recent Saints (19th and 20th Century) Who Have Worked First Class Miracles, That Is, Miracles for which Science Has No Explanation:

St. Cabrini

St. John Bosco

St. Terese of Lisieux

St. John Vianney (Curé D'Ars)

St. Bernadette

(It is to be noted that both shrines and saints belong to the Catholic Church.)

Lagging Behind

In the foreign mission fields, there are nine European priests and sisters for every one American, which would seem to indicate that America is very far from taking its proportionate share in the essential work of spreading the Gospel throughout the world. The latest census showed that there are 39,980 priests of American birth and out of this total 1,215 are working in the foreign mission fields. The total of American priests, brothers and sisters is 184,919, and of these only 3,000 are at work in the foreign missions.



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Rev. Francis J. Connell, C. SS. R. 1888-

I. Life:

Francis J. Connell was born in Boston on January 31, 1888. His parents were Timothy and Mary (Sheehan) Connell. His early education was received in the Boston public schools and at the famed Boston Latin school. Two years of college were spent under the care of the Jesuit Fathers at Boston College. In 1907 he entered the Redemptorist novitiate at Ilchester, Maryland. The years from 1908 until 1914 were spent at the Seminary of Mt. St. Alphonsus at Esopus, New York. He was raised to the sacred priesthood in 1913. For a year after finishing his studies Father Connell did parochial work in Brooklyn. In 1915 he returned to Esopus to teach dogmatic theology. His superiors sent him to study theology at the Angelico University in Rome in 1921. Father Connell was awarded the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology summa cum laude in 1923. After a short stay in Brooklyn he resumed his post of professor of Dogma at Esopus in 1924. The Catholic University called him to the post of associate professor of moral theology in 1940. Father Connell still teaches at the Catholic University, where he is one of the most popular professors on the campus. Since 1945 Dr. Connell has also been rector of Holy Redeemer College. He has given many addresses over the Catholic Hour and before various Catholic and non-Catholic groups. He is also a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors which has been established at Webster Groves College.

II. Writings:

Father Connell first broke into print while a student at Boston College. His work was published under the direction of Father Michael Earls, S. J. Since his ordination he has contributed to many Catholic periodicals. For many years he has written the semi-annual report on current theology for the Ecclesiastical Review. Many of his articles have been in defense of Catholic doctrine which some Catholic authors were trying to minimize. He gained recognition for his defense of the Catholic doctrine on hell.

His first book was a short biography of his uncle, Rev. Michael Sheehan. Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Mixed Marriages and Their Remedies are two translations made by Father Connell. He has also issued numerous pamphlets on doctrinal subjects.

III. The Book:

Father Connell has written a very fine guide for Catholic professional people in Morals in Politics and Professions. The moral problems that are peculiar to many of the professions are raised and answered in a straightforward way. Situations that face Catholic lawyers, judges, nurses, doctors, teachers and other professional people are analyzed. This is the only book of its kind in English. No circumlocutions are used in this work. The answers that people are looking for are given in clearcut language. This book reveals the clarity and depth of Father Connell's mind.

BOOK REVIEWS FOR JANUARY

Works of St. John Eudes

The Admirable Heart of Mary. By St. John Eudes. 365 pp., New York: P. J. Kenedy and Son. \$3.00.

Letters and Shorter Works. By St. John Eudes. 339 pp., New York: P. J. Kenedy and Son. \$3.00.

The above two books are the latest in the new translation of the selected works of St. John Eudes. The Saint found time to compose many works in the midst of his busy missionary life. The present translation is under the direction of the priests of his own congregation.

The process of canonization records that St. John "was the first to think, not without divine inspiration, of rendering liturgical worship to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary". His basic thought on devotion to Mary is found in his book, *The Admirable Heart of Mary*. This book was begun seventeen years before his death and finished just three weeks before.

St. John Eudes gives his complete doctrine on devotion to the Heart of Mary. The treatment is both theological and devotional. The first part explains the precise meaning of the heart as the object of veneration. The four foundations of the devotion are expounded at great length. A short section furnishes suggestions for the practice of devotion to the Heart of Mary. The two appendices contain an office, Mass and private prayers to Mary.

This is easily the best book so far published in the series. Several of the previous volumes had not had much to recommend them. The author draws heavily upon Sacred Scripture and the Fathers to make his book learned as well as pious. Priests will find much sermon material here and all readers will be inspired to many fine thoughts for meditation.

The second volume contains Letters and Shorter Works. The letters cover 280 pages and the shorter works the remaining 50 pages. The letters are written to people in the world, religious and members of his own

congregation. They deal with problems of administration, spiritual problems, and details of his own ministry. Many of the letters deal with suffering. His last will and testament as well as a brief diary are given among the shorter works. This book gives a more intimate picture of the Saint.

Man and God

Man's Triumph with God in Christ. By Reverend Frederick A. Houck. 244 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$2.00.

The veteran author, Father Houck, has written another spiritual book. It deals with the relationship between God and man. The preface recalls several manifestations of the current godlessness among individuals and nations. Then the proofs for the existence of God are furnished. Man is shown the way to God through the God-Man and the Mystical Body of which He is the Head. A good analysis of the nature and destiny of man is included in several chapters of the book.

The style of the book is very clear and not beyond the comprehension of the average layman. One adverse criticism is that the quotations from St. Thomas are too long and too frequent. The untrained person will find many of the terms used almost beyond his capacity. This worthwhile volume would have been improved very much by even a greater simplification of presentation.

Liturgical Meditations

Meditations for Everyman. By Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. 211 pp. Vol. II. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$2.75.

The second volume of these popular meditations continues the reflections on the daily Mass liturgy. Their purpose is to enable every man to know the "Light that enlightens every man". The period covered is from Pentecost to Advent. A scripture text is the basis of each meditation which is divided into three short paragraphs. Profound truths of Catholic living are stressed in a style that appeals to all. The facts of modern life and the problems of modern man are seen against the background of the Faith. Without

hesitation this volume is recommended to all laymen intent on their spiritual improvement.

Spiritual Exercises

The Spiritual Exercises. By St. Ignatius of Loyola. Newly translated from the Spanish. 190 pp. New York: Catholic Book Publishing Co. \$2.00.

The growth of the laymen's retreat movement makes important this new translation of the Spiritual Exercises. This book, which is the fruit of the Saint's own retreat at Manresa, has been justly acclaimed as the one that gave the great impetus to the retreat movement. Some 400 years after its publication it is still the basic book used in conducting retreats. This new translation is clear and orderly. Retreatants and retreat masters will find great assistance in this book.

Sunday and Occasional Sermons

Another Two Hundred Sermons. By Rev. F.

H. Drinkwater. 210 pp. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$4.25.

Father Drinkwater is one of the pioneers in the field of modern homiletics and catechetics. He is the founder of the famous "sower method" of teaching the catechism to the young. His collection of stories about the catechism is very popular among priests. Previous series of sermon notes have been highly praised and widely used.

Another Two Hundred Sermons was prepared during the war years, but has just been published now. It consists of sermons for the Sundays of the year and occasional sermons. There are sermons for Lent, Advent, Feast of the Sacred Heart, the month of May, Midnight Mass, various feasts of the Saints and other occasions. It is a complete presentation of preaching obligations for a year. The author gives rather full notes and rightly

leaves the development of the sermon to the preacher. The notes are logical and practical and vary in length from half a page to a page and a half. The sermons are original and suggestive enough for the average length sermon. In fact, it would be difficult at times to incorporate the entire material in one sermon. This is not just an average book of sermons, but one high above the average. Priests will obtain great assistance in preaching the Word of God from the frequent use of Father Drinkwater's latest book. I know that it will have a very prominent place on the bookshelf of this reviewer.

The Bible

Where We Got the Bible. By Right Rev. Henry G. Graham. 166 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$1.00. Paper cover.

The many modern translations of the Scriptures have led to an increased interest in the Bible. This booklet was written at the turn of the century and has just been reissued. As the title indicates, it tells the origins of the Bible. The Catholic Church is shown as the source and protector of the sacred writings. An account of the early Protestant versions is also given. There were so many false renditions that even an Anglican bishop could complain: "There is no fanatic or clown, from the lowest dregs of the people, who does not give you his own dreams as the Word of God."

Monsignor Graham has written a very interesting book. In a future edition an account of the modern Catholic versions of the Bible would give complete coverage to the book. The Catholic layman, who has to face many unfounded accusations about the attitude of the Church to the Bible, will enjoy reading this booklet.

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the University of Scranton I. Suitable for family reading:

The Politics of Equality—Lipson

The Old Beauty and Others—Cather Bridie Steen—Crone Tumbleweed—Doherty The Three Brothers—McLaverty The Politics of Equality—Lipson
Trumpet in the City—Miller
Woman With a Sword—Noble
A Clouded Star—Parrish
Big Freeze—Partridge

The Liguorian

Fair Wind to Java-Roark Three Roads to Valhalla-Stewart All Your Idols-Sylvester Return to Tradition-Thornton Civilization on Trial-Toynbee The Secret Thread-Vance We Need Not Fail-Welles John Goffe's Mille-Woodbury Catholic Social Action-Cronin The Whimsey Report on Sex isn't Everything-Cummings The Semi-Detached House-Eden The Roosevelt Myth-Flynn The Diary of Pierre Laval-Laval Of Flight and Life-Lindberg The Vision of Fatima-McGlynn Booker T. Washington-Mathews The Unknown Sea-Mauriac The Seven Storey Mountain-Merton Jungle Man-Pretorius Rembrance Rock-Sandburg Philosophy of Religion-Sheen No Highway-Shute The Deer Cry-Schofield I Capture the Castle-Smith Smile Please-Topp A Man Called White-White

II. Suitable for adults only:

A. Because style and contents are unsuitable for adolescents:
Intruder in the Dust—Faulkner
The Whole of Their Lives—Gitlow
Doctor Faustus—Mann
Stalingrad—Plievier
What the People Want—Arnall
Lace Curtain—Berlin
Sex Habits of American Men—Deutsch
Individualism and the Economic Order
—Hayek
Journey into Faith—Ruggles

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

If This Be My Harvest—Atkins

Lush Valley—Campbell

River to the West—Jennings

The Plague and I—MacDonald

Catalina—Maugham

Lone Hanson-Savage The Young Lions-Shaw The Shining Mountains-Van Every Captain for Elizabeth-Westcott Toward the Morning-Allen Parris Mitchell of King's Row-Bellamann Peony-Buck The Plague-Camus Shannon's Way-Cronin How Lost Was My Weekend-Dodge Something's Got to Give-Hargrove The Cleft Rock-Hobart Ape and Essence-Huxley Midnight Lace-Kantor The Precipice-MacLemnan As We See Russia-Members of Overseas Press Club The Town With the Funny Name-Miller The Angry Woman-Ronald The Negro in America-Rose The Burnished Blade-Schoonover One Clear Call-Sinclair Tomorrow Will Be Better-Smith The Reconstruction of Humanity-Sorokin The White Witnesses-Spalding Big Jim Turner Stevens Road To Survival-Vogt This Inward Horror-Warren

III. Suitable only for the discriminating reader:

Seraph on the Suwanee—Hurston
Into the Labyrinth—Plagemann
A Threefold Cord—Royden
The Corner That Held Them—Warner
The Sky and the Forest—Forester
The History of Nora Beckman—Pennell

IV. Unsuitable for any reader:
This Very Earth—Caldwell
The Moth—Cain
The Running Tide—Forbes
Michael's Wife—Frankau
Nobody's Fool—Harrison
Important People—Van Gelder



Lucid Intervals

Professor: "Didn't you miss my class yesterday?"

Freshman: "Not in the least."

A young couple asked the parson to marry them immediately following the Sunday morning service. When the time came, the minister arose to say:

"Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come for-

ward?"

There was a great stir as thirteen women and one man approached the altar.

Abraham Lincoln, as a young lawyer, was pleading two cases the same day before the same judge.

Both of these cases involved the same principle of law, but in one he appeared for the defendant, in the other he spoke for the plaintiff.

In the morning he made an eloquent plea and won his case. In the afternoon he took the opposite side and was arguing with the same earnestness. The judge, with a half smile, inquired as to the cause of his change in attitude.

"Your honor," said Lincoln, "I may have been wrong this morning, but I know I'm right this afternoon."

> I wish I were a kangaroo, Despite his funny stances; I'd have a place to put the junk My girl brings to dances.

"Here, boy," said the wealthy motorist. "I want some gasoline, and please get a move on. You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. When I was young I pushed and that got me where I am."

"Well, gov'nor," replied the boy, "We ain't got a drop of gas in the place, so I reckon you'll have to push agin."

Nit: "You say you lost at cards last night?"
Wit: "Yeah; I was sitting up with a slick friend."

Christopher Morley tells about a writer who had a habit of banging himself on the head with both hands. He insisted it helped him think. One day a friend visited him and saw a rough-looking fellow raining blows on the writer's head. "Hey, stop that, what's the idea of letting that gorilla beat you over the head?" he shouted.

"Why not? I've sold my first story and now I can afford a secretary!"

Our four-year-old friend, Sis, was visiting us one night. She was telling us that her father had brought a goat home for her and her brother.

"Sis," I said, "do you ever play with the goat?"

"Yes," she replied. "Sometimes me and the goat put our heads together and push each other back and forth.

"Goodness," I said, "isn't that dangerous, Sis?"

"Uh huh," Sis replied, It's a brave goat."

The practice of some African tribes of beating the ground with sticks and giving vent to blood-curdling noises is, says an authority, a primitive form of self-expression. This will be a comfort to golfers.

A local newly rich and his wife went down to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for the first time. The missus, being the real phoney, was nothing but nervous that her dese, dem 'n' dozing husband would say the wrong thing, use the wrong fork, talk too loud, attract unfavorable attention.

"Just follow me," she instructed. "Do what I do. And above all, let me do the talking."

Well, everything went fairly well till one sunny afternoon, when hubby decided to go for a little swim. But he paddled out too far, got a cramp in his leg and starter to holler: "Halp I'm drowning! HALLLP!"

Noticing the elegant people beginning to line the shore, the wife rushed to the water's edge and hissed: "Shhh! Not so LOUD!"

TIME-TESTED PAMPHLETS

Almost 100,000 persons have bought and read "Don't Worry," by D. F. Miller. It lists and explains seven common causes of worry. It is still 10 cents a copy, with discounts for quantity orders.

Literally millions have used "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary," by St. Alphonsus Liguori, for daily devotions. This booklet gives a five-minute visit for each day of the month. The Liguorian Pamphlet Office edition sells for 10 cents a copy, with the usual quantity discounts.

Over 100,000 persons have used "Examen for Laymen," by D. F. Miller, the most comprehensive and specific listing of sins, mortal and venial as such, to be found in print for the laity. Its 96 pages sell for only 15 cents, discounts for quantities.

Tens of thousands of copies of "What About Your Vocation?" have been sold to schools, colleges, and individuals. It answers the questions that most young people face concerning a vocation to the priesthood or religious life. It is 10 cents each, with quantity discounts.

Already in its fifth printing, "Blessings in Illness" has been recommended by many doctors and nurses, and used by and for countless shut-ins. It costs 25 cents a copy.

Order these popular items for your pamphlet rack, school, sodality or home. Use this page as an order blank and write in the number of copies you wish after each of the above paragraphs. For single copies, send 3 cents extra for postage and handling. Stamps may be used for small orders.

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CITY	ZONE	STATE	

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Issue

Reviewed This False Paradise Gay Amigo, The Gunning for Justice Hidden Danger Indian Agent Mozart Story One Night With You Racing Luck Sinister Journey Strange Gamble Trouble Makers Valiant Hombre, A

Previously Reviewed Babe Ruth Story, The Beyond Glory Big Sombrero, The Blazing Across the Pecos Borrowed Trouble Cowboy Cavalier Dangerous Venture Dangerous Years Daredevils of the Clouds Das Maedchen Irene (German)
Date with Judy, A
Deep Waters
Design for Death Disaster Dude Goes West, The Easter Parade El Dorado Pass Fighting Father Dunne Fighting Ranger Fort Apache
For the Love of Mary
Four Faces West (formerly They
Passed This Way)
French Leave Fugitive, The Fury at Furnace Creek Gallant Blade, The Gallant Blade, The
Girl from Manhattan, The
Girl of the Canal
Grand Canvon Trail
Hills of Home
1 Surrender Dear
Isn't It Romantic
Joan of Arc
Jungle Goddess
Jungle Patrol
Kidnapped Jungle Patrol Kidnapped Kings of The Olympics Luck of the Irish, The Luxury Liner Marshal of Amarillo Miraculous Journey Montecassino (Italian) Music Man Night Time in Nevada

Night Wind Olympic Calvacade On An Island With You Outlaw Brand Quiet Weekend Rangers Ride, The Rusty Leads the Way Search, The Secret Land, The Secret Land, and Shaggy Shanghai Chest, The Sheriff of Medicine Bow Silver Trails Son of God's Country Southern Yankee, A Spirit and the Flesh, The (Italian) Station West 13 Lead Soldiers Tuscon Walk a Crooked Mile Who Killed Doc Robin

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Issue Children on Trial (British) Dulcimer Street High Fury (British) Joe Palooka in the Big Fight Kissing Bandit, The Last of the Badmen

Previously Reviewed Abott and Costello Meet Frankenstein
Angel in Exile
Another Part of the Forest
Apartment for Peggy
Appointment with Murder Behind Locked Doors Belle Starr's Daughters Big Clock, The Black Arrow, The Blood on the Moon Bodyguard Brothers, The Bungalow 13 Canon City Checkered Coat, The Coroner Creek Corridor of Mirrors Corridor of Mirrors Counterfeiters, The Countess of Monte Cristo Creeper, The Cry of the City Embraceable You Emperor Waltz, The Eternal Melodies (Italian) Eyes of Texas Fabulous Ioc Fabulous Joe Fuller Brush Man, The Gay Intruders, The

Gentleman from Nowhere, The Gentleman from
Good Sam
Hamlet
Hatter's Castle
Her Man Gilbey
He Walked by I
Hollow Triumph
In This Corner In This Corner
Jinx Money
Johnny Belinda
Key Largo
Kiss the Blood Off My Hands
Lady at Midnight
Largeny Larceny Leather Gloves Life With Father Loves of Carmen, The Man-Eater of Kumaon Michael O'Halloran Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid Moonrise Moonrise
Night Has a Thousand Eves
Night Unto Night
Open Secret
Out of the Storm
Pagliacci (Italian)
Picadilly Incident (British)
Pirate, The
Pitfall, The
Plunderers, The Plunderers, Prunderers, Ine Port Said Prairie, The Rachel and the Stranger Return of October, The River Lady Rogues' Regiment Romance on the High Seas Romance on the High S Rope, The Sainted Sisters, The Sealed Verdict Shed No Tears Smart Girls Don't Talk Snake Pit, The So Evil My Love Sofia Sorry Wrong Number So This Is New York Stage Struck Street With No Name, The Summer Holiday Tap Roots Brooklyn and Heaven Texas, Brook Thunderhoof Inunderboof Train to Alcatraz Twisted Road, The (formerly Your Red Wagon) Two Guys from Texas Unconquered Unfaithfully Yours Untaithfully Yours Untained Breed, The Up in Central Park Uruba Woman in White, The